



ALL

HUMOR

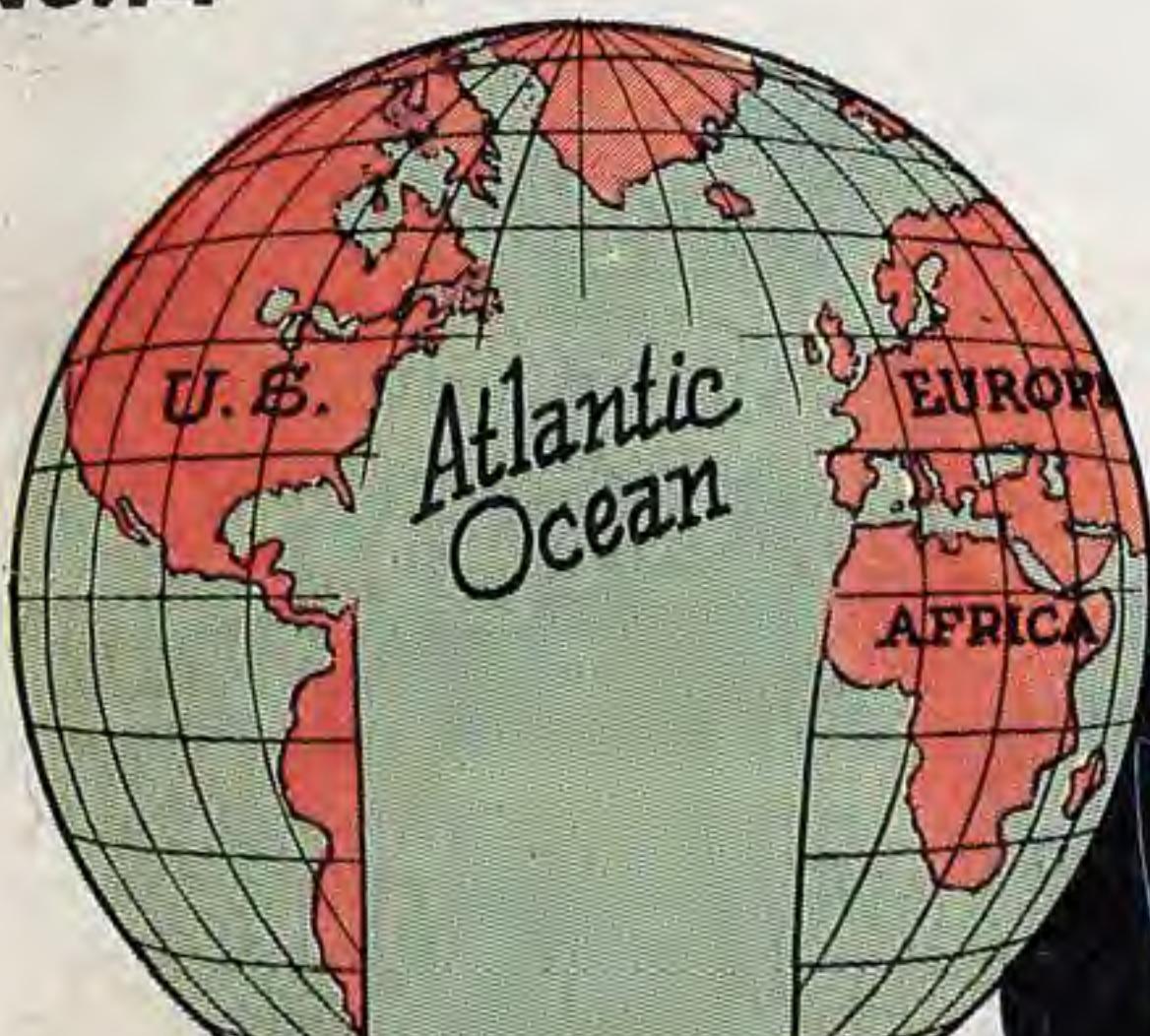


COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.D.
6

10¢

SUMMER
ISSUE
NO. 14



Is the
Atlantic Ocean
really necessary?

MARK YOUR ANSWER HERE

YES NO MEBBE

Read

KELLY POOLE
for the answer!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





The **BEST** costs you LESS at these
FACTORY-TO-YOU SAVINGS

Get De Luxe SEAT COVERS

Entire
SEAT
PROTECTED
Front
and
Back

Sleek!

Smartly
Trimmed
with
Richly Grained
LEATHERETTE

Sturdy!

JUST NAME THE CAR— WE HAVE THE COVERS

To Fit Every Popular Make
Auto—New or Old Models

FORD	PACKARD	STUDEBAKER
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EASY TO INSTALL— on all types and makes of cars!

Be sure to specify which type covers you wish when you order. Note styles illustrated below:



1. Solid back for 4-door sedan—front or rear. Rear for coach or coupe
2. Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach
3. Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat



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Our Factory-to-You
Prices Mean Guar-
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ACTUALLY THE VERY SAME
MATERIAL USED IN COVERS
SELLING UP TO \$25!

Our direct-factory prices offer you tremendous savings. Richer! Stronger! More Luxurious! GAYLARK'S New Auto Seat Covers are TOPS in quality, smart styling and value. Stunning plaid designs in softly harmonious multi-color weaves.

Every GAYLARK FIBRE Auto Seat Cover is carefully finished with elasticized slip-over sides for snug, smooth fit. Just the handsome, thoroughbred accent of elegance your car deserves.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We insist—you must be entirely 100% satisfied, or your money will be cheerfully refunded at once.

SEND NO MONEY

GAYLARK PRODUCTS, Dept. HJ
615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush Gaylark Seat Covers on 5-day money-back guarantee
 Complete front and back covers \$8.95 Front seat cover only \$4.98
 3-pass. divided back coupe \$4.98 My car is a 19.... Make.....
 3-pass. solid back coupe or rear seat of coach or sedan \$3.98
 Type 1 Type 2 Type 3 2-door 4-door
 Rush postpaid—\$..... enclosed. Send C.O.D. plus postage.

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Please include one pair Fibre Door Protectors to match, at \$1.00 per set
 Wedge cushion to match, \$1.00

GAYLARK PRODUCTS

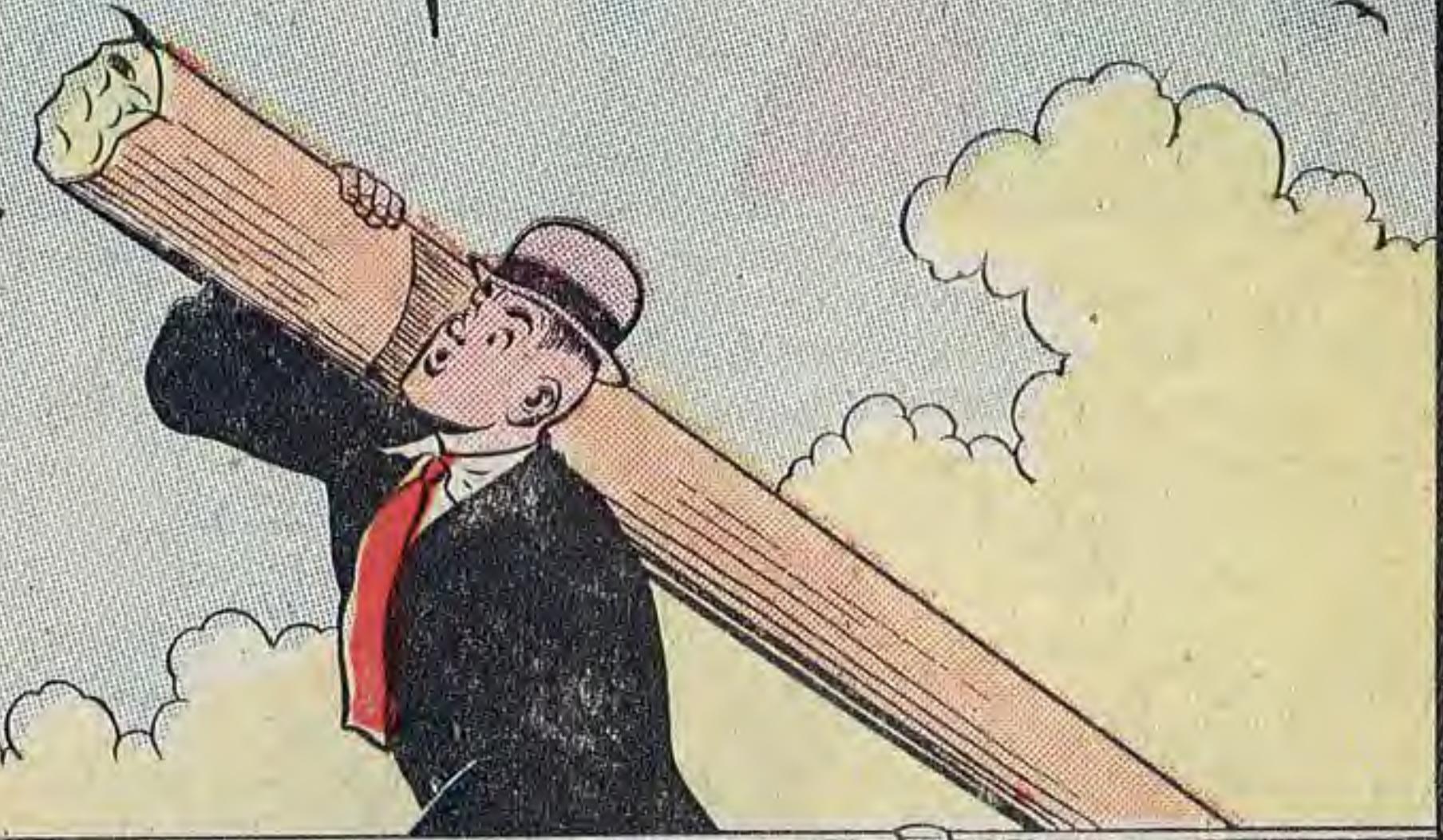
615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.

ALL HUMOR COMICS

KELLY POOLE

KELLY! WHY DID YOU
CUT DOWN THE
MAST?

YOU ASKED ME TO BRING YOU
THE SHIP'S LOG, DIDN'T YOU?



Kelly and the Poole family
are hired by Prof. Pluto
Plunkett to staff his
sea-going boat!



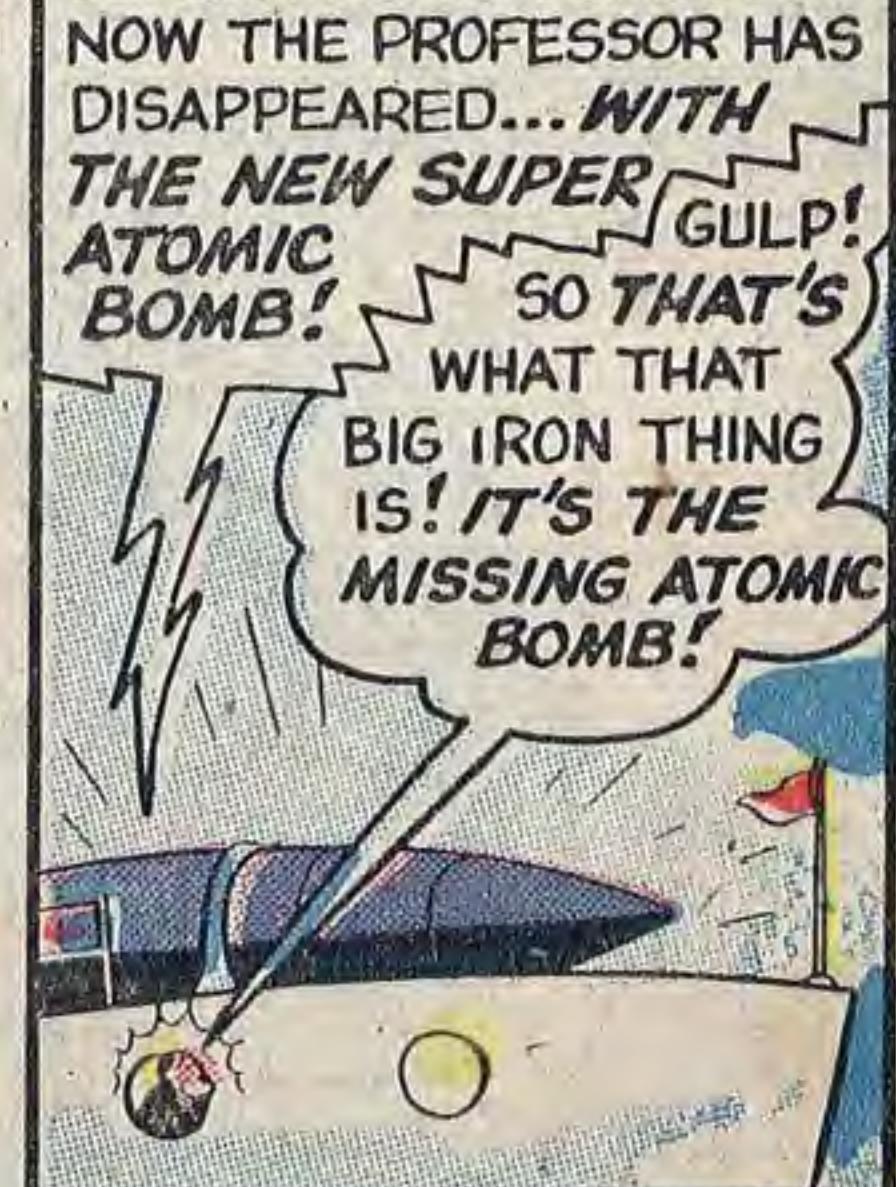
At sea, they learn via radio...

PROFESSOR PLUTO PLUNKETT
HAS BEEN DISMISSED FROM
A HIGH POST IN ATOMIC
RESEARCH BY THE
SECURITY COUNCIL!

THE PROFESSOR HAD ADVANCED
THE MAD THEORY THAT THE EARTH
IS AS HOLLOW AS A TENNIS BALL...
AND COULD BE SHATTERED BY A
HEAVY ATOMIC BLAST! IT WAS
THOUGHT HE HAD BECOME
MENTALLY UNHINGED...

... DUE TO OVERWORK ON
A RECENTLY COMPLETED
SUPER ATOMIC BOMB! BUT
NOW THE PROFESSOR HAS
DISAPPEARED... WITH
THE NEW SUPER ATOMIC
BOMB!

GULP!
SO THAT'S
WHAT THAT
BIG IRON THING
IS! IT'S THE
MISSING ATOMIC
BOMB!



G-MEN ARE COMBING THE COUNTRY FOR PROF. PLUNKETT AND THE MISSING SUPER ATOMIC BOMB! IS HE REALLY MAD...OR IS HE A TRAITOR?

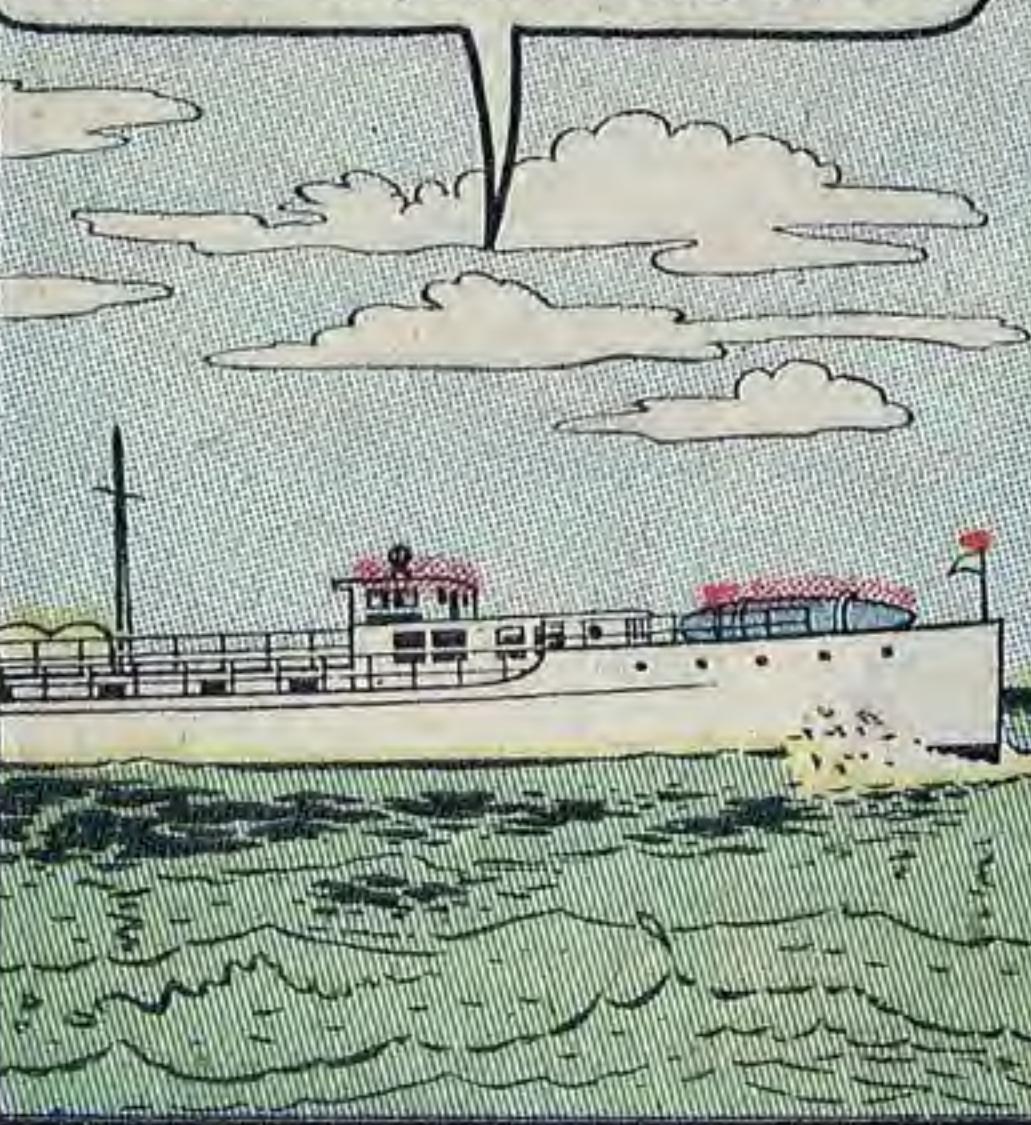
PROFESSOR PLUNKETT!

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT YOU ON THE RADIO?

YES, IT'S ALL TRUE...EXCEPT THAT I'M NEITHER A LUNATIC NOR A TRAITOR!



IT'S TRUE THAT I WAS DISMISSED FROM ATOMIC RESEARCH BY THE SECURITY COUNCIL...



...THEY THOUGHT I HAD GONE INSANE WHEN I TOLD THEM THE EARTH IS HOLLOW!



PROFESSOR, WE THINK IT'S HIGH TIME YOU TOLD US JUST WHERE THIS VOYAGE IS TAKING US!



MY FRIENDS, YOU ARE EMBARKED ON THE MOST HISTORICALLY SIGNIFICANT VOYAGE SINCE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!

FOLKS SCOFFED AT COLUMBUS FOR SAYING THE EARTH WAS ROUND! NOW THEY THINK I'M CRAZY BECAUSE I SAY IT'S HOLLOW!

THIS VOYAGE WILL NOT ONLY VINDICATE ME AND PROVE MY THEORIES TO BE CORRECT...



...BUT WILL ALSO RESULT IN MY CLAIMING A WHOLE NEW CONTINENT FOR THE U.S.!



I INTEND TO BLOW A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC WITH MY NEW SUPER ATOMIC BOMB AND DRAIN THE WHOLE THING DRY! I'LL CALL THE NEW CONTINENT PLUNKETT-LAND!

ALL HUMOR COMICS

THIS MAP OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN SHOWS THE UNDERSEA TERRAIN! NOTICE THIS RANGE OF UNDERWATER MOUNTAINS EXTENDING FROM FLORIDA TO PORTUGAL!

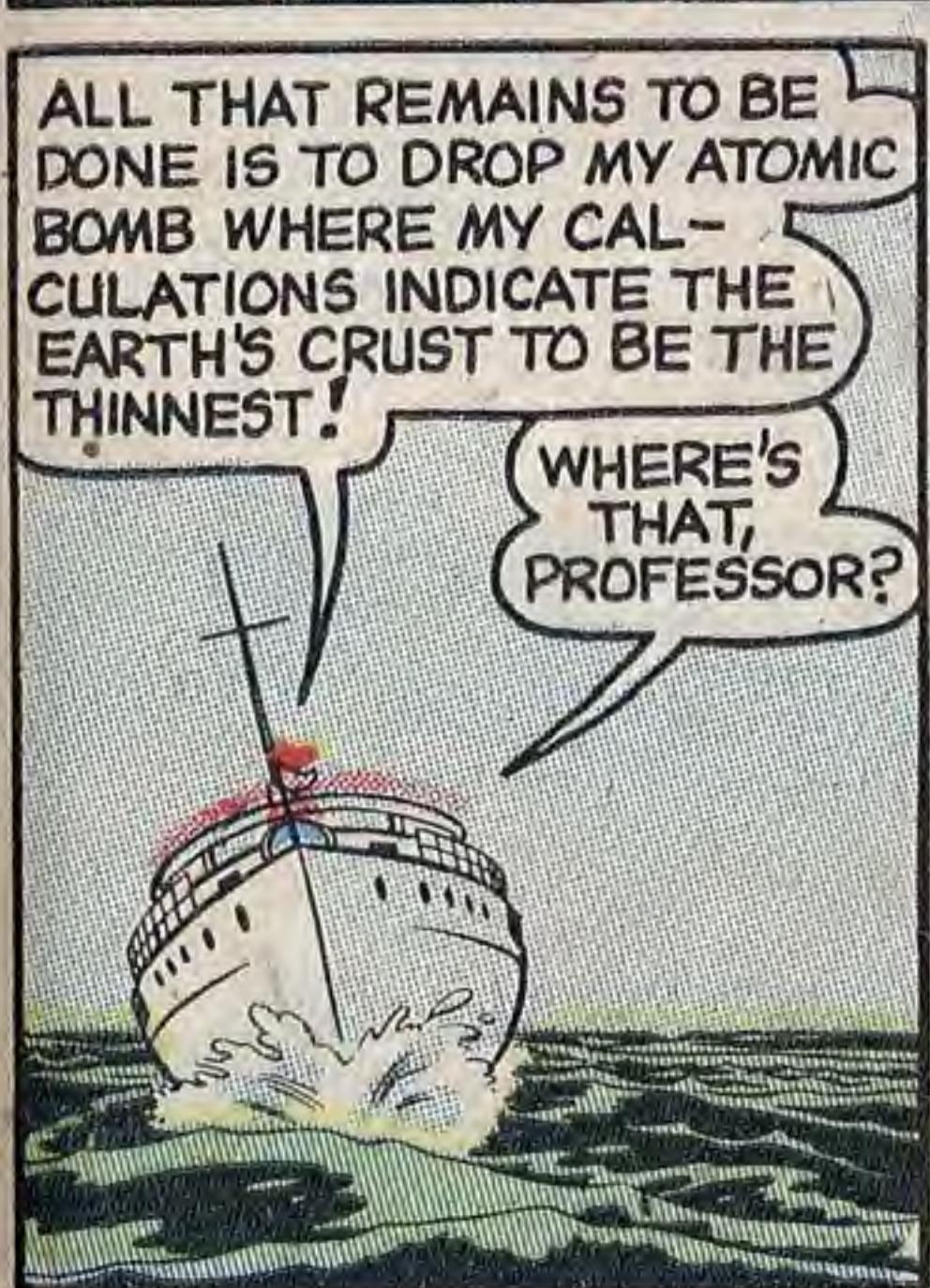


AND UNDER THE NORTH ATLANTIC THERE IS A SIMILAR MOUNTAIN RANGE FROM NEW YORK TO FINLAND! THUS, WATER FROM OTHER SEAS WILL NOT DRAIN INTO PLUNKETTLAND!



ALL THAT REMAINS TO BE DONE IS TO DROP MY ATOMIC BOMB WHERE MY CALCULATIONS INDICATE THE EARTH'S CRUST TO BE THE THINNEST!

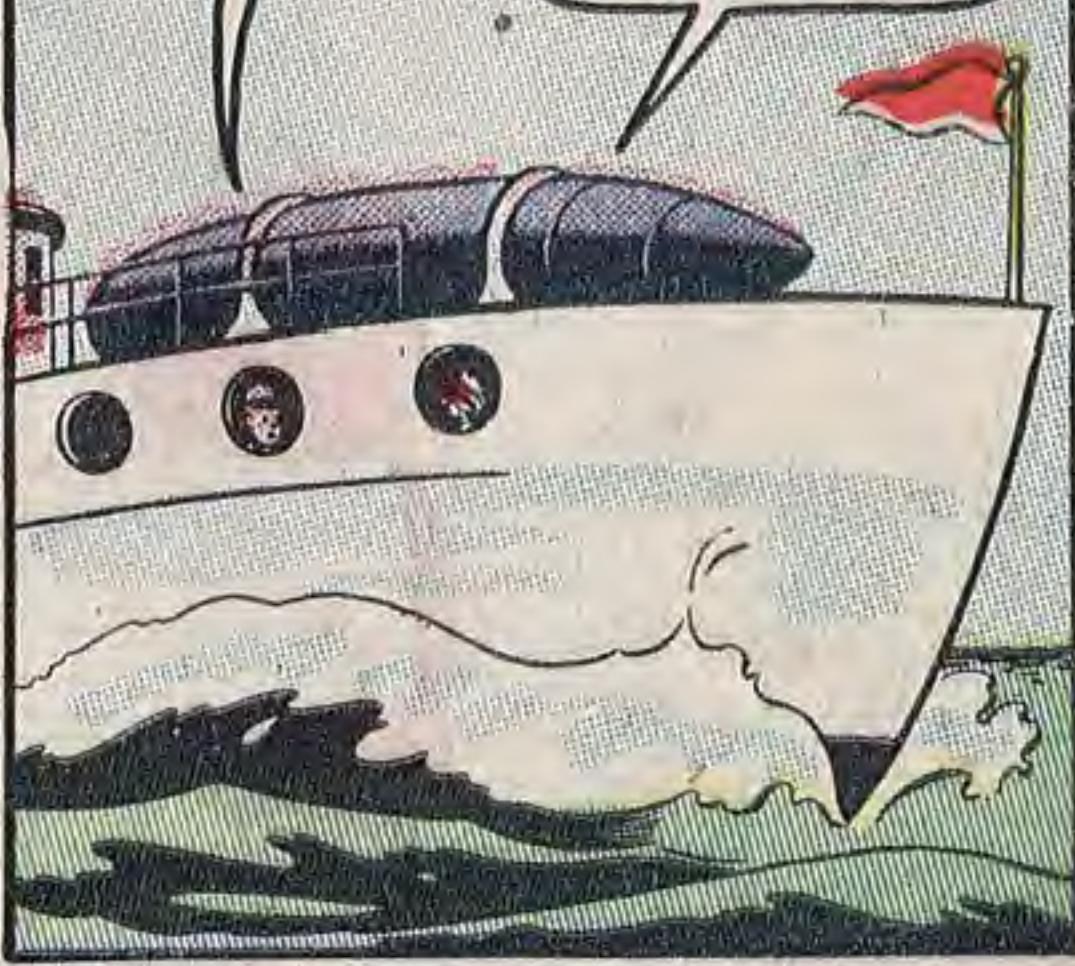
WHERE'S THAT, PROFESSOR?



THAT SPOT IS IN MID-ATLANTIC... WHERE THE OCEAN IS THE DEEPEST!



SO THAT'S WHERE EXACTLY! WE'RE GOING! THIS HISTORY-MAKING VOYAGE WILL MAKE US ALL FAMOUS!

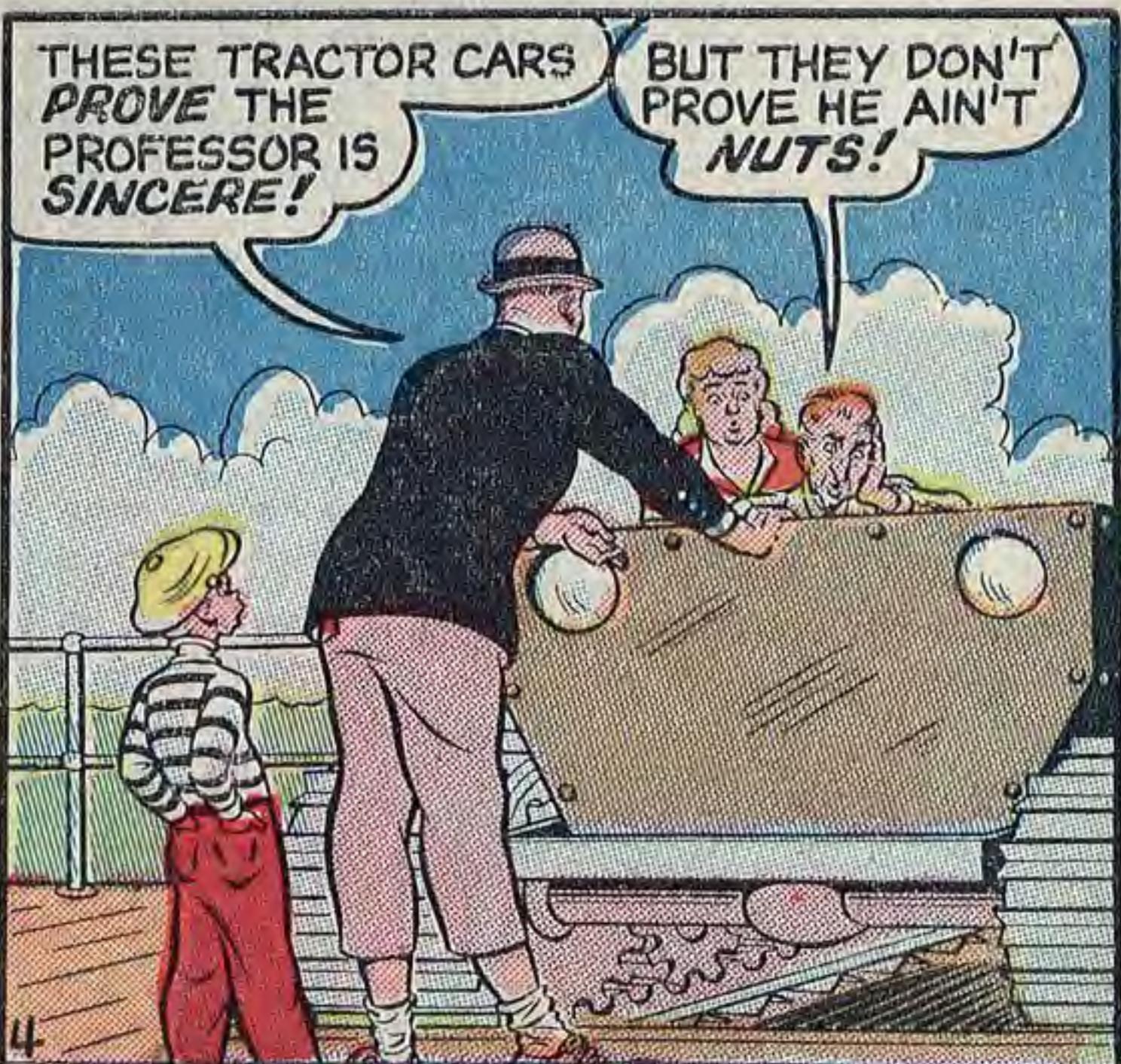
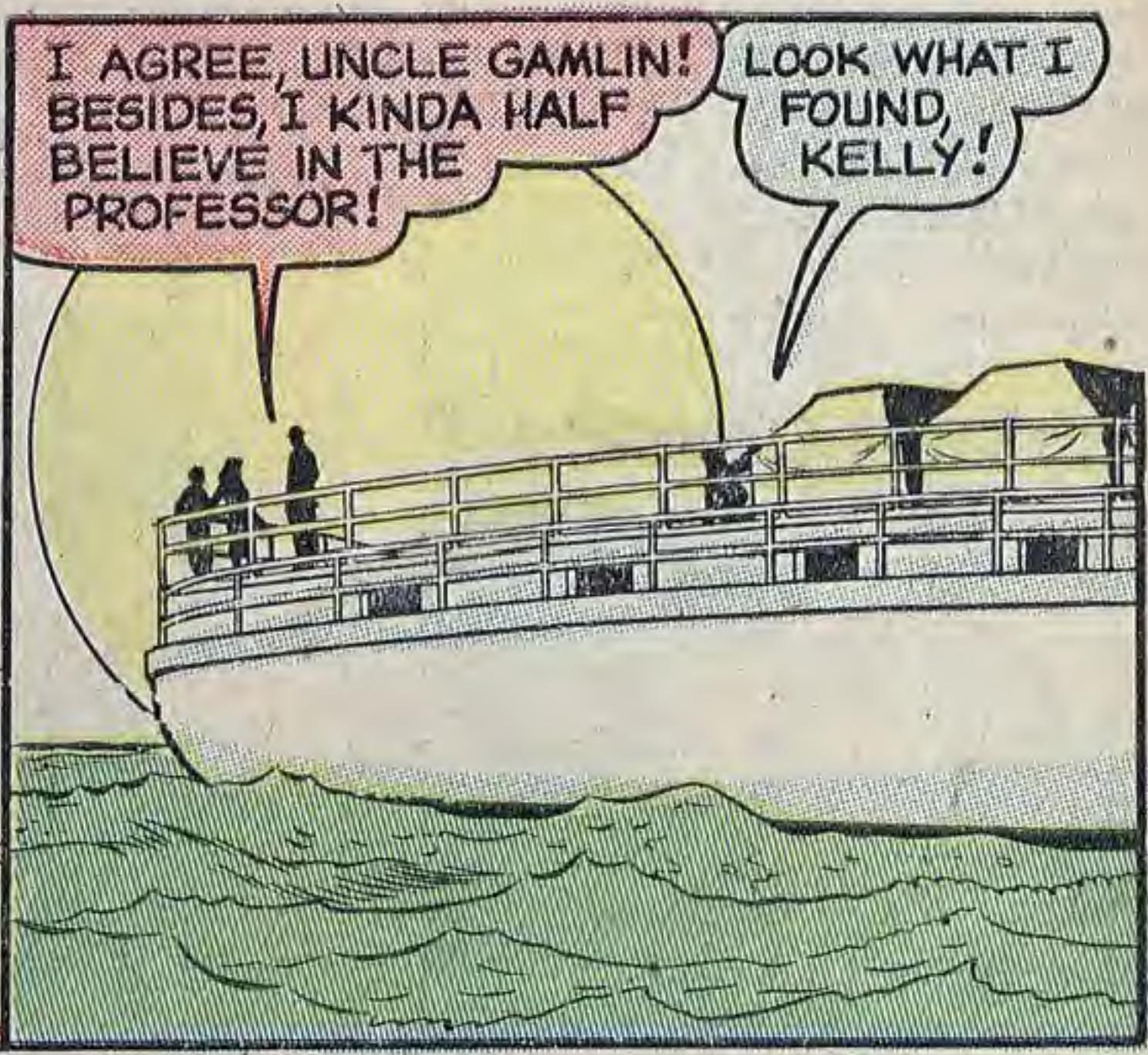
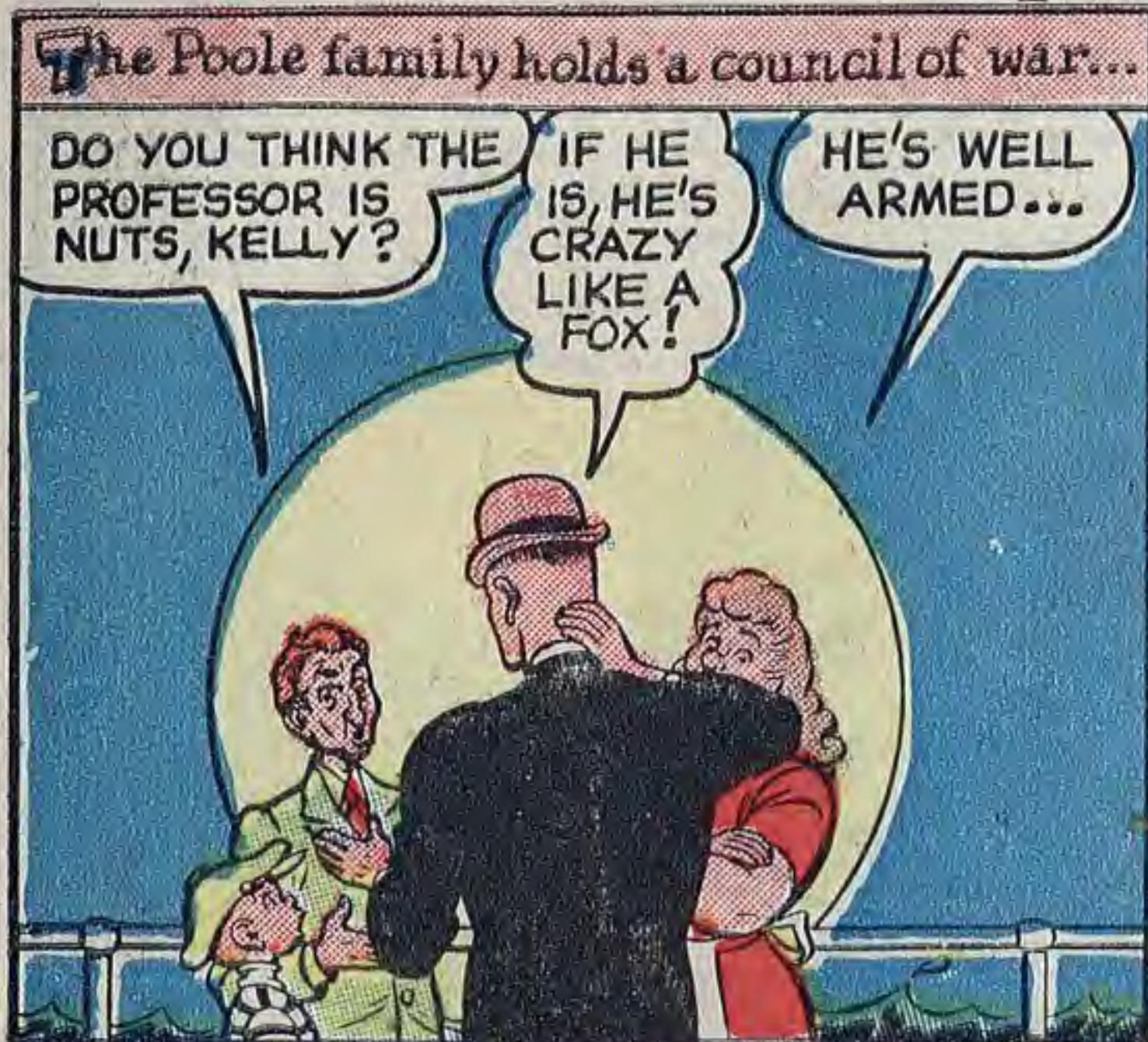


WHEN THE ATLANTIC IS DRAINED DRY YOU'LL BE THE FIRST ON HAND TO CLAIM A HOME-STEAD! YOU CAN ALSO REAP A FORTUNE RECLAIMING GOLD AND JEWELS FROM SUNKEN SHIPS ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR!

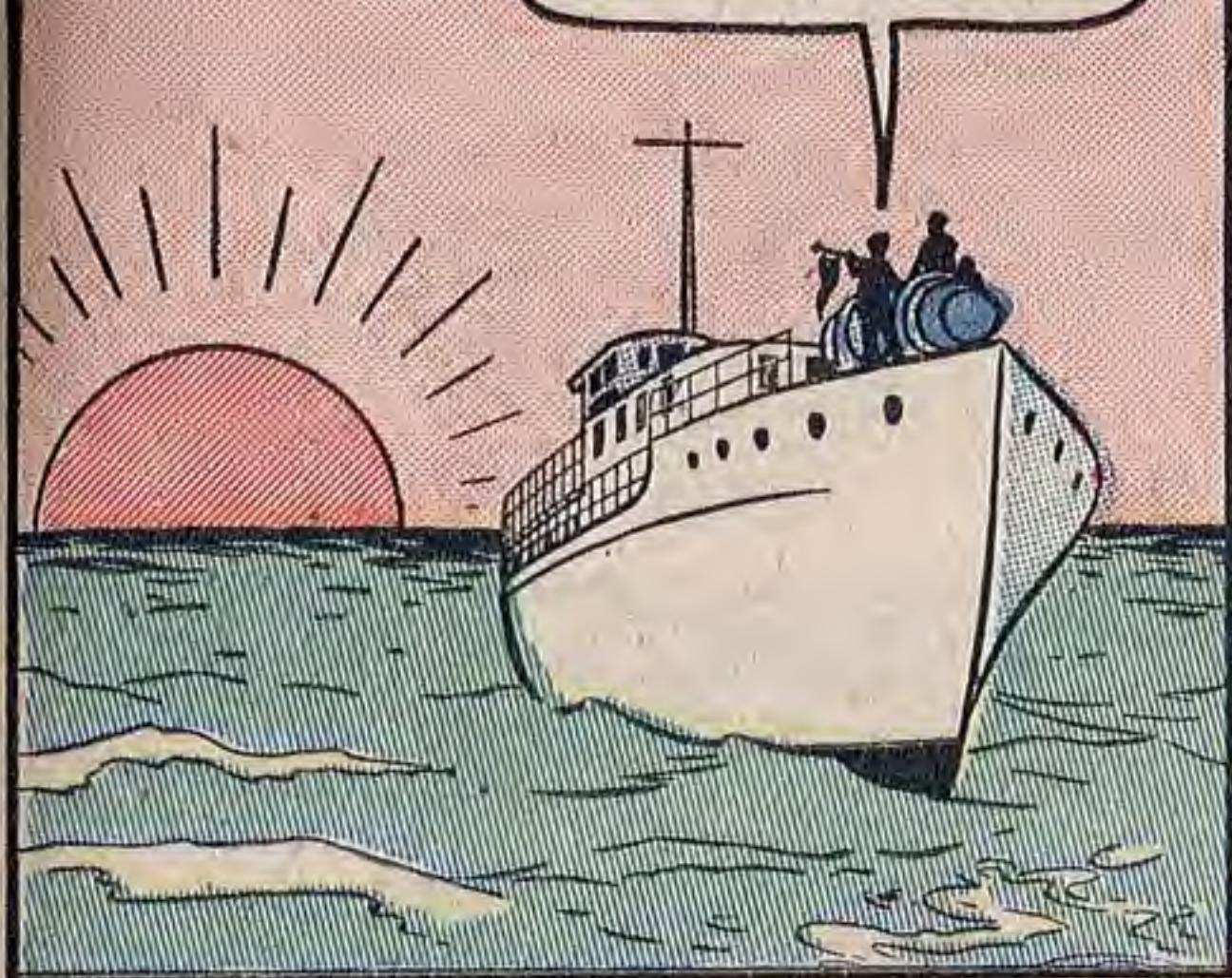


LIKE COLUMBUS, I MAY HAVE TROUBLE WITH MY CREW WHEN DOUBTS AND FEARS ASSAIL THEM! FORTUNATELY, I AM WELL ARMED, MY FRIENDS!





Three days later...

THIS IS THE SPOT,
KELLY! HELP ME
ROLL THE ATOMIC
BOMB OVERBOARD!GOSH, PROFESSOR, I HOPE
WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF
TIME TO GET AWAY
BEFORE THIS THING
GOES OFF!DON'T WORRY! I
SET THE TIME
DETONATOR FOR
NINE O'CLOCK!THAT GIVES US THREE HOURS
BEFORE THE BOMB EXPLODES!
WE'LL BE ON THE
HORIZON BY THAT
TIME!

Three hours later...

BOOM!

WOW!

H'RAY! I'VE DONE IT!
THAT SUPER BLAST
BROKE THROUGH
THE EARTH'S
SHELL!
HOW
CAN YOU
TELL SO
SOON?TERRIFIC CURRENTS ARE SETTING IN
TOWARD THE BOMB SITE! THAT MEANS
MILLIONS OF TONS OF WATER ARE
POURING THROUGH THE HOLE INTO
THE EARTH'S HOLLOW CENTER!

H'RAY!

IF THE SUCTION GETS
ANY STRONGER WE'LL
BE SWEPT BACKWARD
AND DOWN THE DRAIN!
BUT I DON'T CARE...
MY LIFE'S WORK IS
DONE!YOU DON'T CARE!
WELL, MY LIFE'S
WORK AIN'T DONE!
REV UP THOSE
ENGINES,
PROFESSOR!

THE SUCTION HAS COMPLETELY NEUTRALIZED OUR FORWARD MOTION...BUT AT LEAST WE'RE HOLDING OUR OWN!

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO HEAR THAT!



TUNE IN THE RADIO, KELLY! THERE'LL BE PLENTY ABOUT THIS ON THE AIR BEFORE LONG!



NEWS FLASH! SEVERAL RECORDING STATIONS HAVE ANNOUNCED A SEVERE EARTH TREMOR IN THE MID-ATLANTIC!



NEW YORK AND OTHER CITIES ON THE ATLANTIC COAST ANNOUNCE AN ALARMING DROP IN THE TIDE!



Later... THE SEA LEVEL HAS DROPPED FIFTEEN FEET IN NEW YORK HARBOR! MANY LARGE VESSELS ARE AGROUND! WE TAKE YOU NOW TO LONDON!



EGAD! WE ARE HAVING THE SAME PHENOMENAL DROP IN SEA LEVEL ON THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC! ALL SHIPPING IN OUR PORTS IS AGROUND! THE BRITISH ISLES ARE BEING LEFT HIGH AND DRY! EGAD!



By morning, ships far at sea are stranded...

BLAST IT! WE'LL HAVE TO FINISH THIS CRUISE ON FOOT!



Meanwhile, during the night...

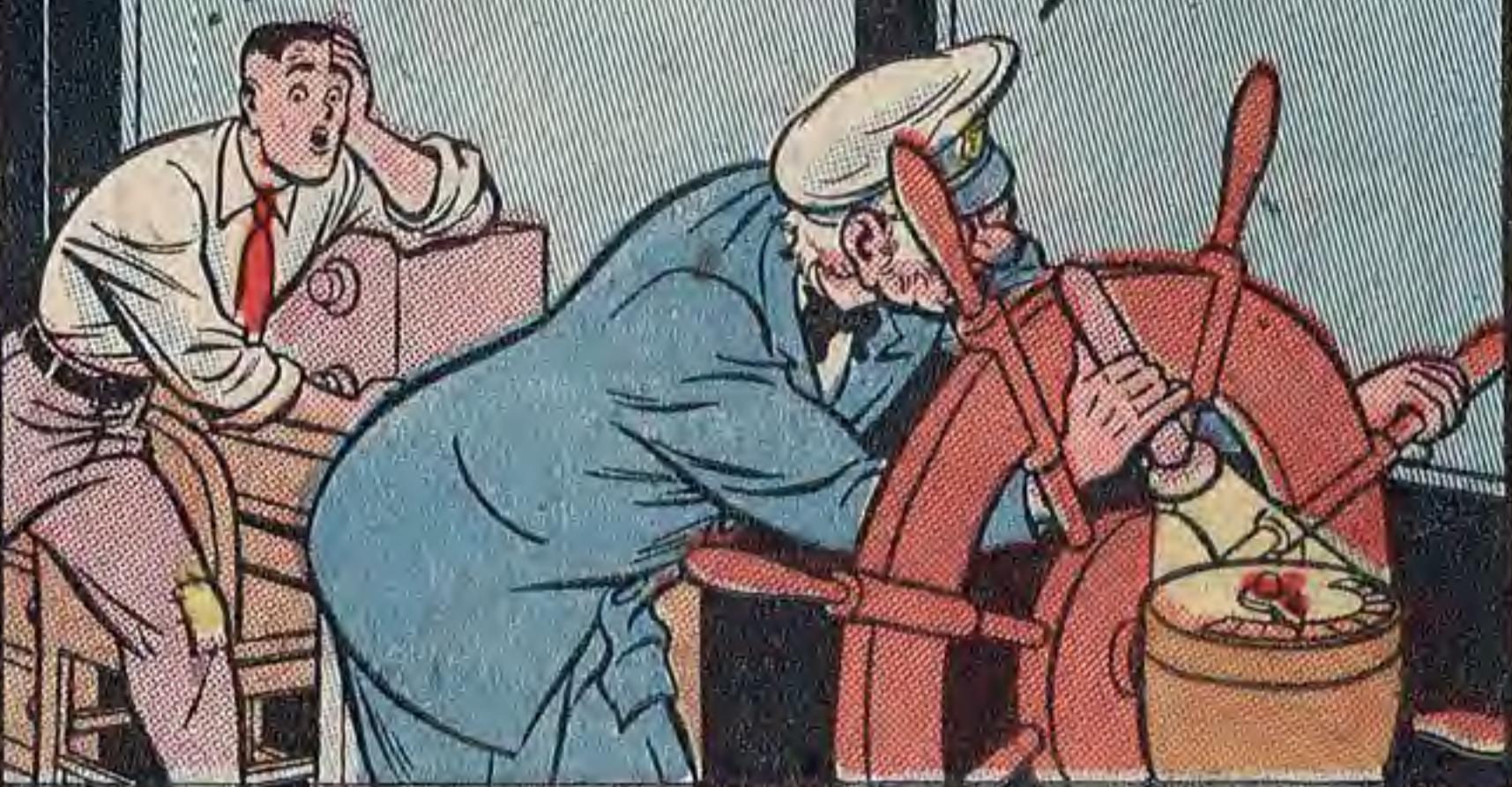
I'M AFRAID THE STRAIN OF BATTLING THE CURRENTS WAS TOO MUCH FOR MY SMALL ENGINES, KELLY!

SO I HEAR!

BAM! BONG! BANG!

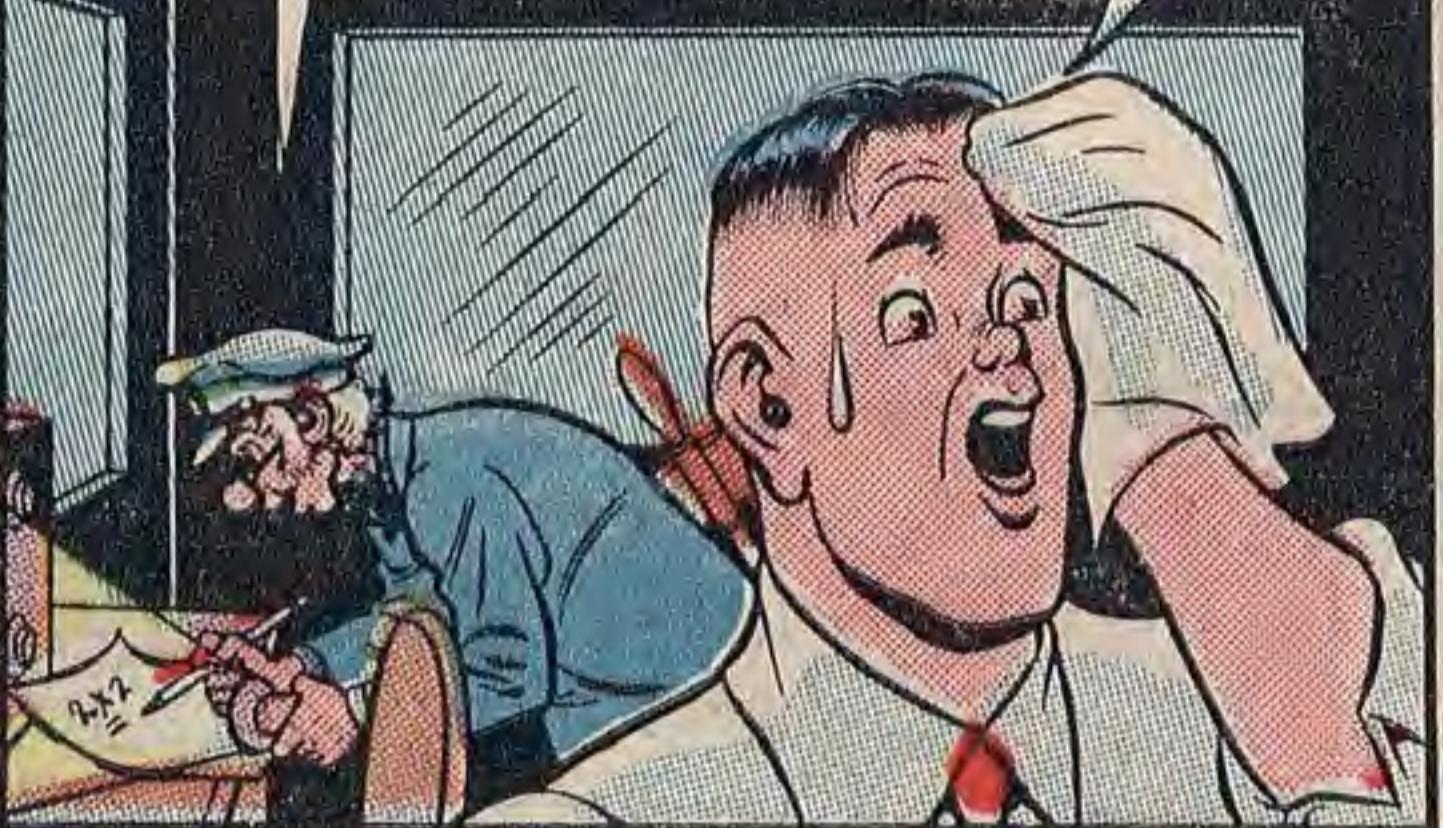
GOSH! THEY'VE GONE COMPLETELY DEAD... AND SO HAVE THE LIGHTS!

WE'RE BEING SWEPT TOWARD THE DRAIN AT A TERRIFIC RATE OF SPEED!



WHAT A SIGHT THAT HUGE CIRCULAR WATERFALL MUST BE! THE WHOLE ATLANTIC IS POURING INTO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH!

AND WHAT A SIGHT WE'LL BE... POURING IN WITH IT!



CHUCKLE & DON'T WORRY, KELLY, I'VE CALCULATED THE SPEED OF OUR DRIFT AGAINST THE RATE AT WHICH THE WATER LEVEL IS DROPPING! I THINK WE'RE SAFE!

GULP & ARE... ARE YOU SURE?



I'M POSITIVE, KELLY! LISTEN! WE'RE SCRAPING BOTTOM RIGHT NOW!

PROFESSOR, I'LL NEVER DOUBT YOUR CALCULATIONS AGAIN!

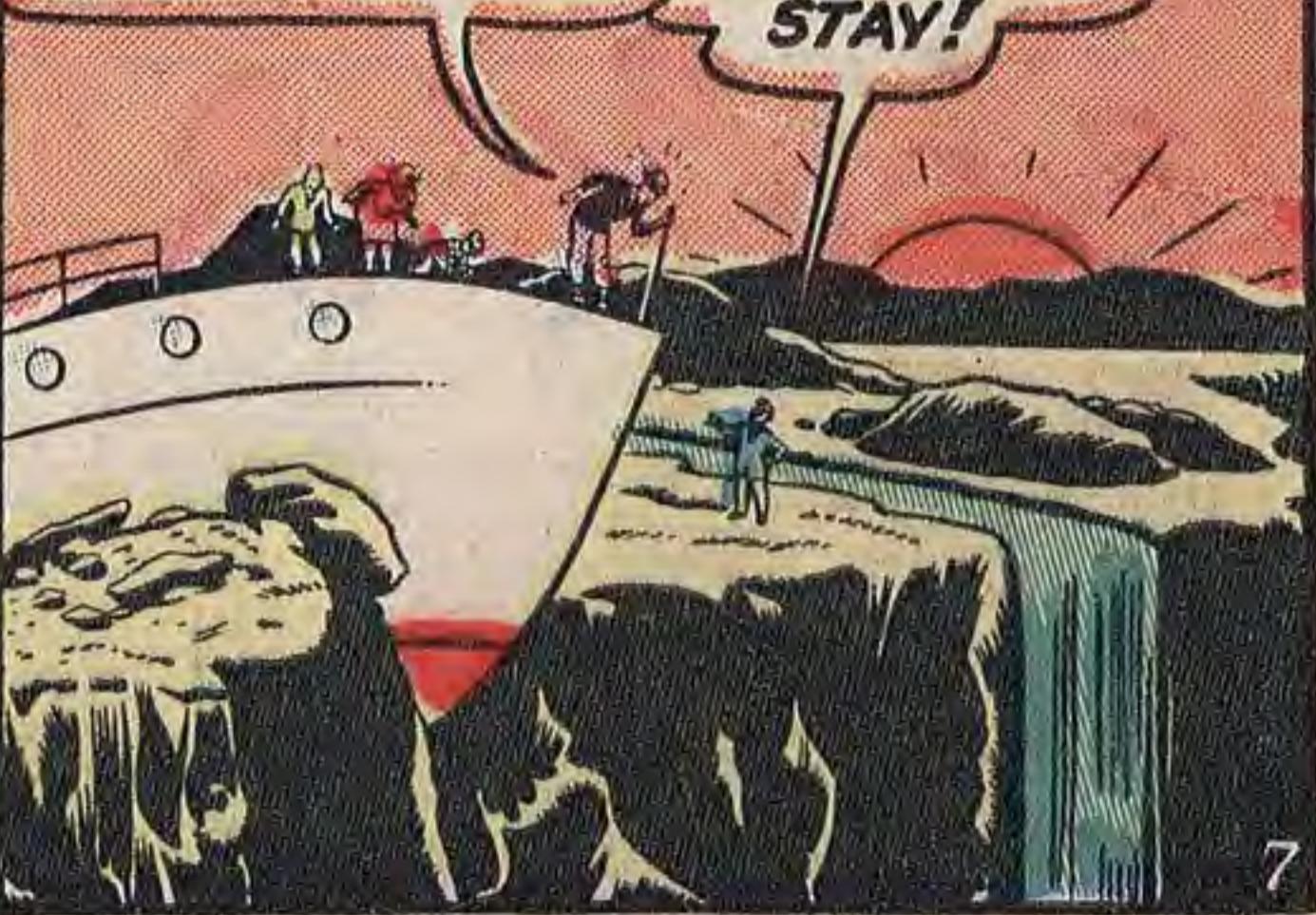


At dawn...

T-THE BOMB HOLE!

YOUR CALCULATIONS WERE ALMOST WRONG, PROFESSOR!

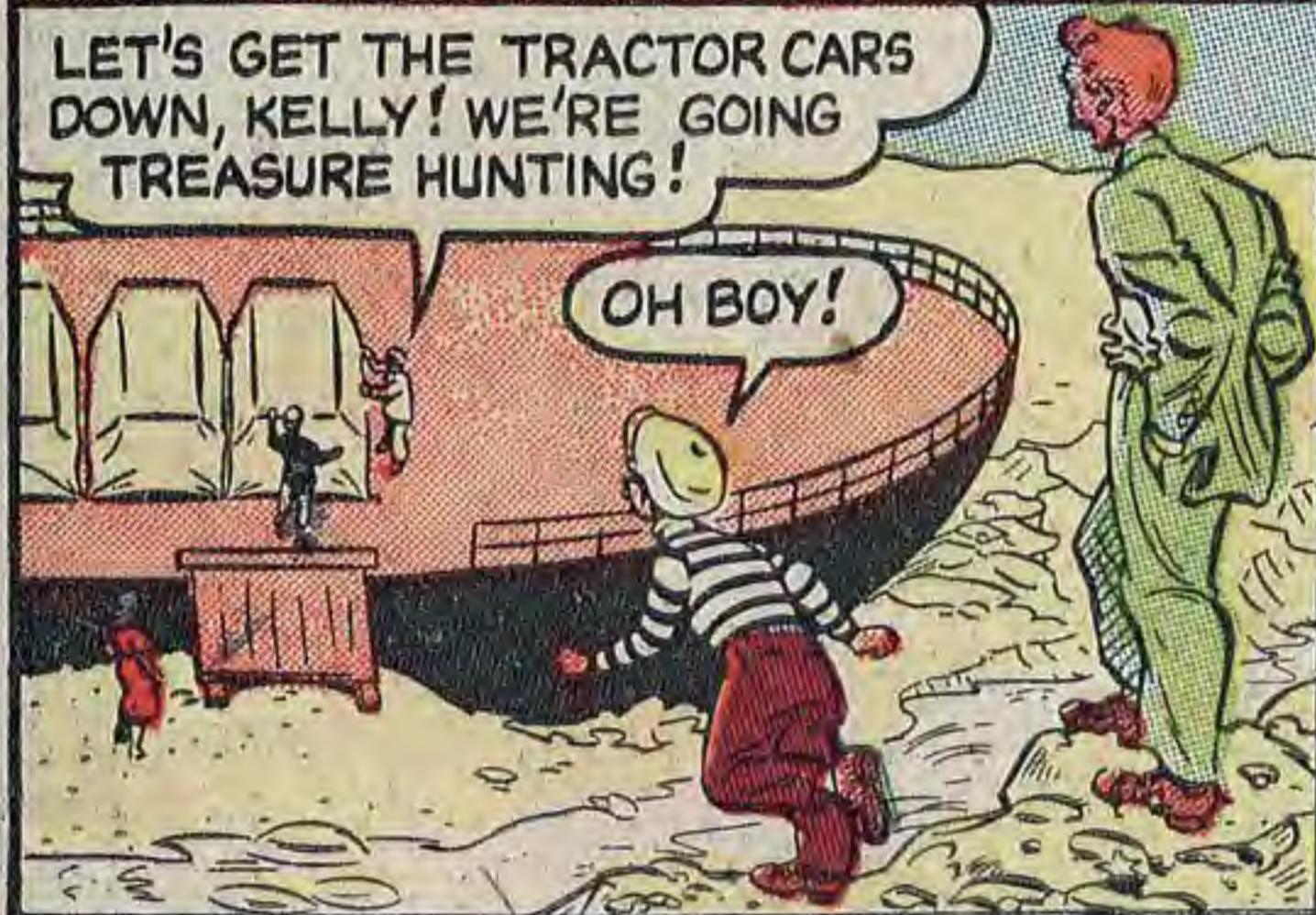
WE CAN'T ALWAYS BE RIGHT, KELLY! LOOK HOW MANY PEOPLE THOUGHT THE ATLANTIC OCEAN WAS HERE TO STAY!



The Professor radios Washington the true story of what has happened and claims the vast Atlantic regions for the U.S.! Then...

LET'S GET THE TRACTOR CARS DOWN, KELLY! WE'RE GOING TREASURE HUNTING!

OH BOY!



I SCOUTED THE AREA THIS MORNING, PROFESSOR! THERE'S A VALLEY A FEW MILES EAST OF HERE, FILLED WITH OLD SUNKEN SHIPS!

TO THE EAST IT IS, THEN! LET'S GO!

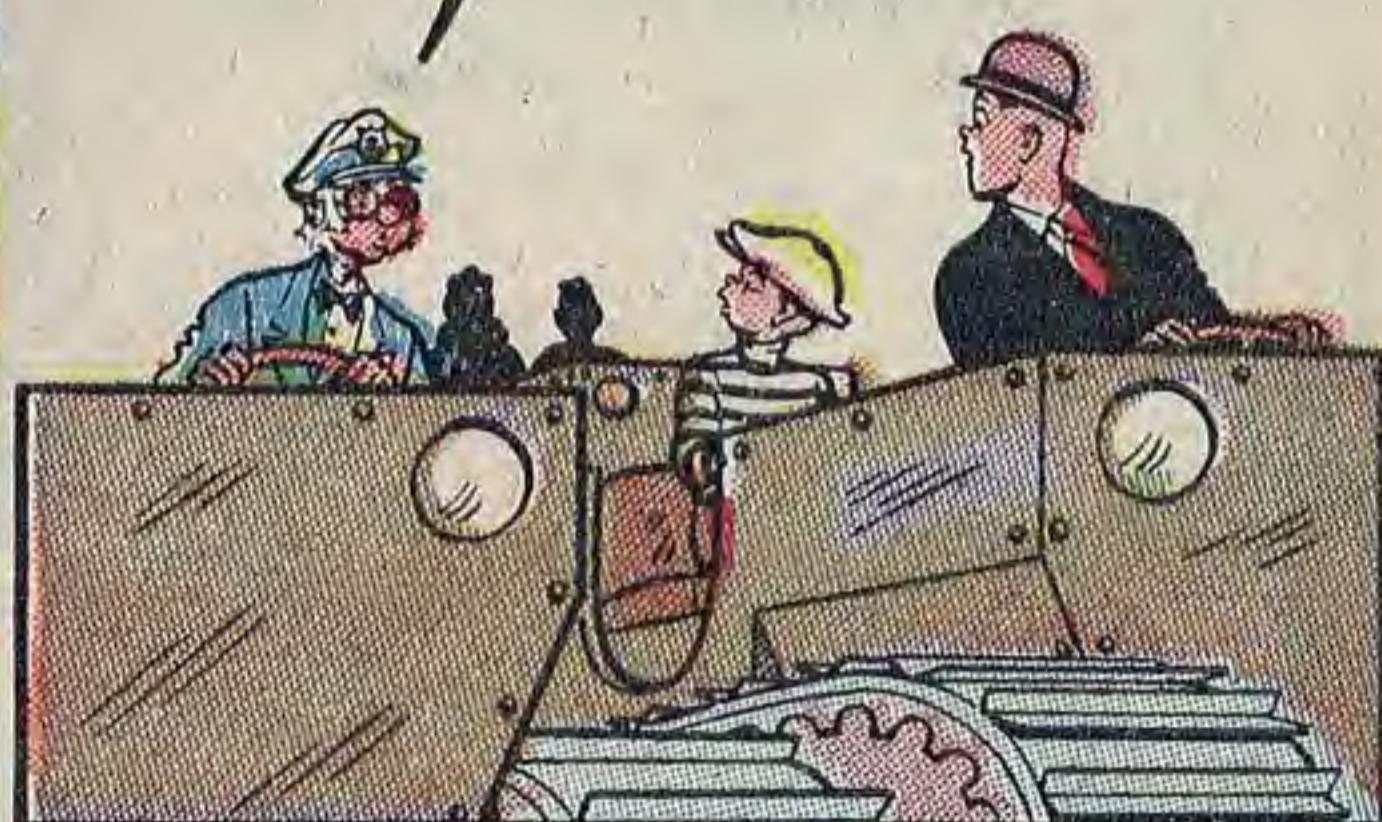


LOOK AT ALL THE HULKS!

HOW COULD SO MANY SHIPS ALL SINK AT ONE PLACE?



THESE SHIPS PROBABLY WENT DOWN MILES FROM HERE... AND WERE CARRIED INTO THIS POCKET BY STRONG UNDERCURRENTS!



DO WE GET TO KEEP EVERYTHING WE FIND, PROFESSOR?

ABSOLUTELY NOT!



JUST KEEP THE GOLD AND JEWELS!



After a search
of the ships...

SPANISH DOUBLOONS!
DUTCH GILDERS!
GUINEAS, CROWNS
AND PIECES OF
EIGHT!

WOTTA
HAUL!

LOOK AT ALL
THE JEWELRY,
PROFESSOR!

WE FOUND A SHIP
LOADED WITH
GOLD BARS!



**WE'RE
RICH!**

YES, BUT
MONEY ISN'T
EVERYTHING...

... LAND IS VALUABLE,
TOO! LET'S STAKE
OUT HOMESTEADS!

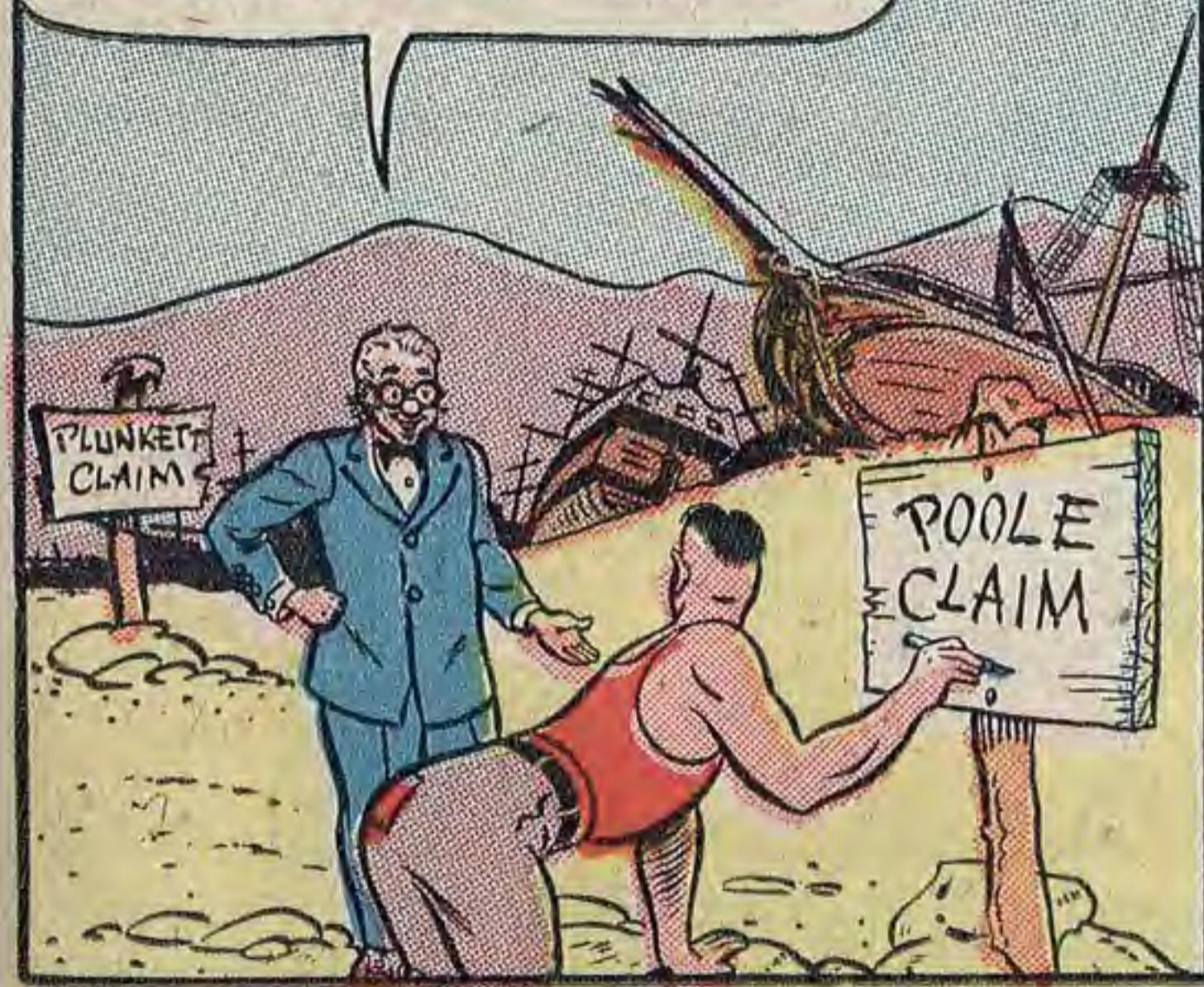
MOST OF PLUNKETTLAND WILL
BE VERY FERTILE, KELLY!
THINK OF WHAT THIS RICH
NEW CONTINENT MEANS
TO OUR OVERCROWDED AND
WAR-TORN WORLD!



THE NAMES OF PLUNKETT AND POOLE
WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS IMMORTAL
BENEFACTORS OF MANKIND!

THE WHOLE UNITED
STATES MUST BE
WAITING TO
WELCOME US
AS *HEROES*!

LET'S GET OUR
TREASURE LOADED
AND HEAD FOR
HOME!



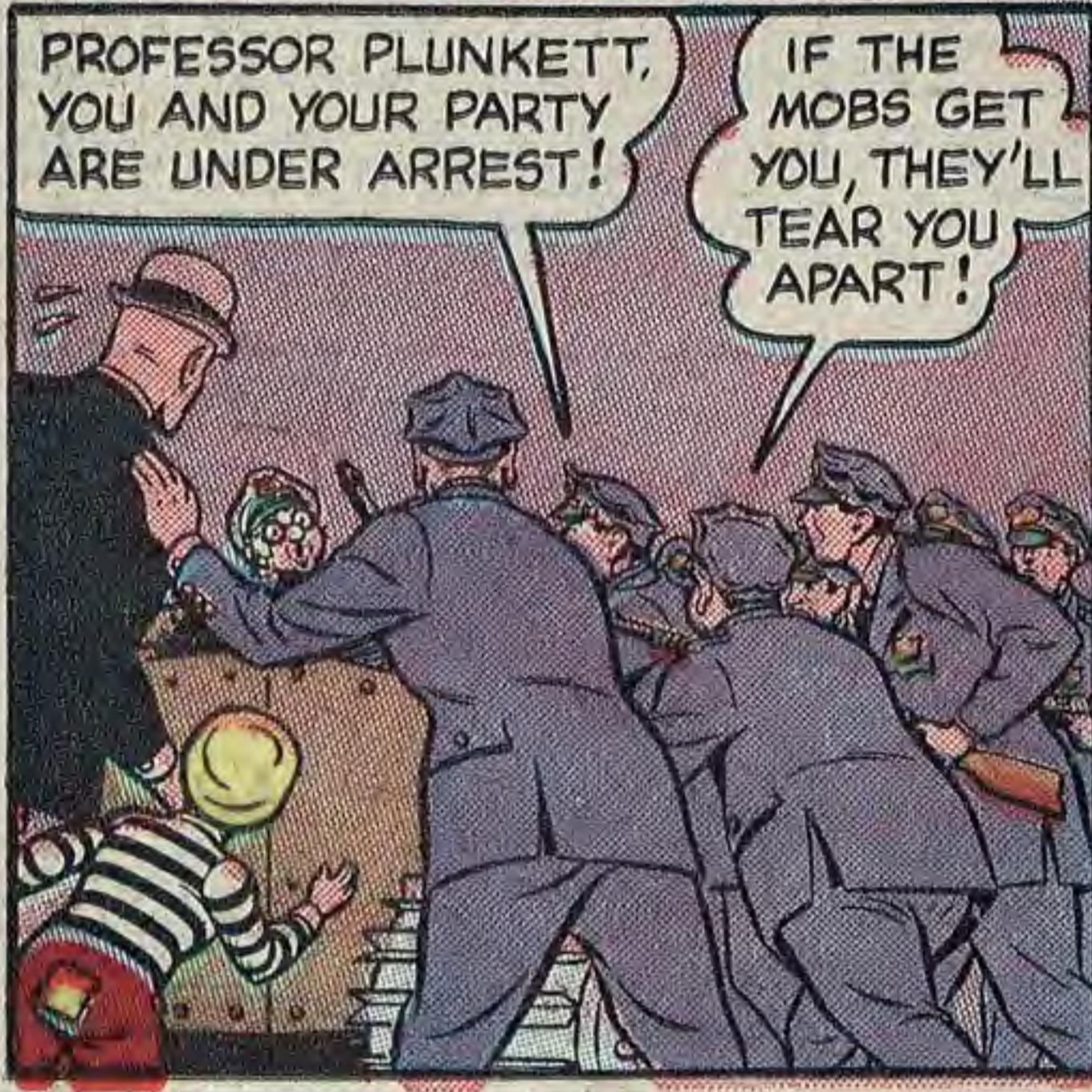
Several nights later...

THERE GO THE SIRENS! WHAT A PECULIAR WELCOME WE'LL GET!



PROFESSOR PLUNKETT, YOU AND YOUR PARTY ARE UNDER ARREST!

IF THE MOBS GET YOU, THEY'LL TEAR YOU APART!

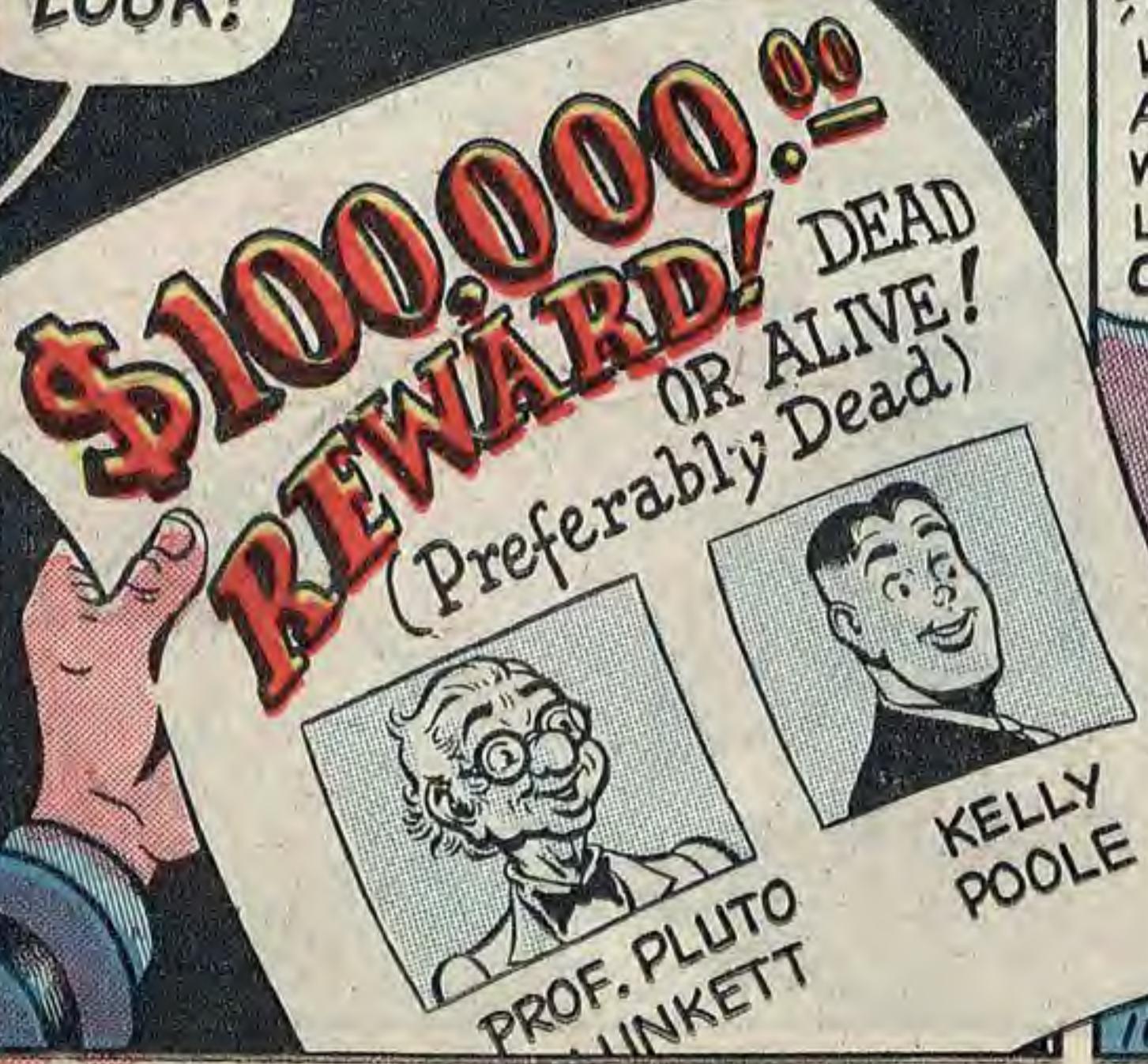


UNDER ARREST? MOBS? WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

DON'T PRETEND YOU HAVEN'T RUINED OUR COUNTRY, YOU-YOU TRAITOR!

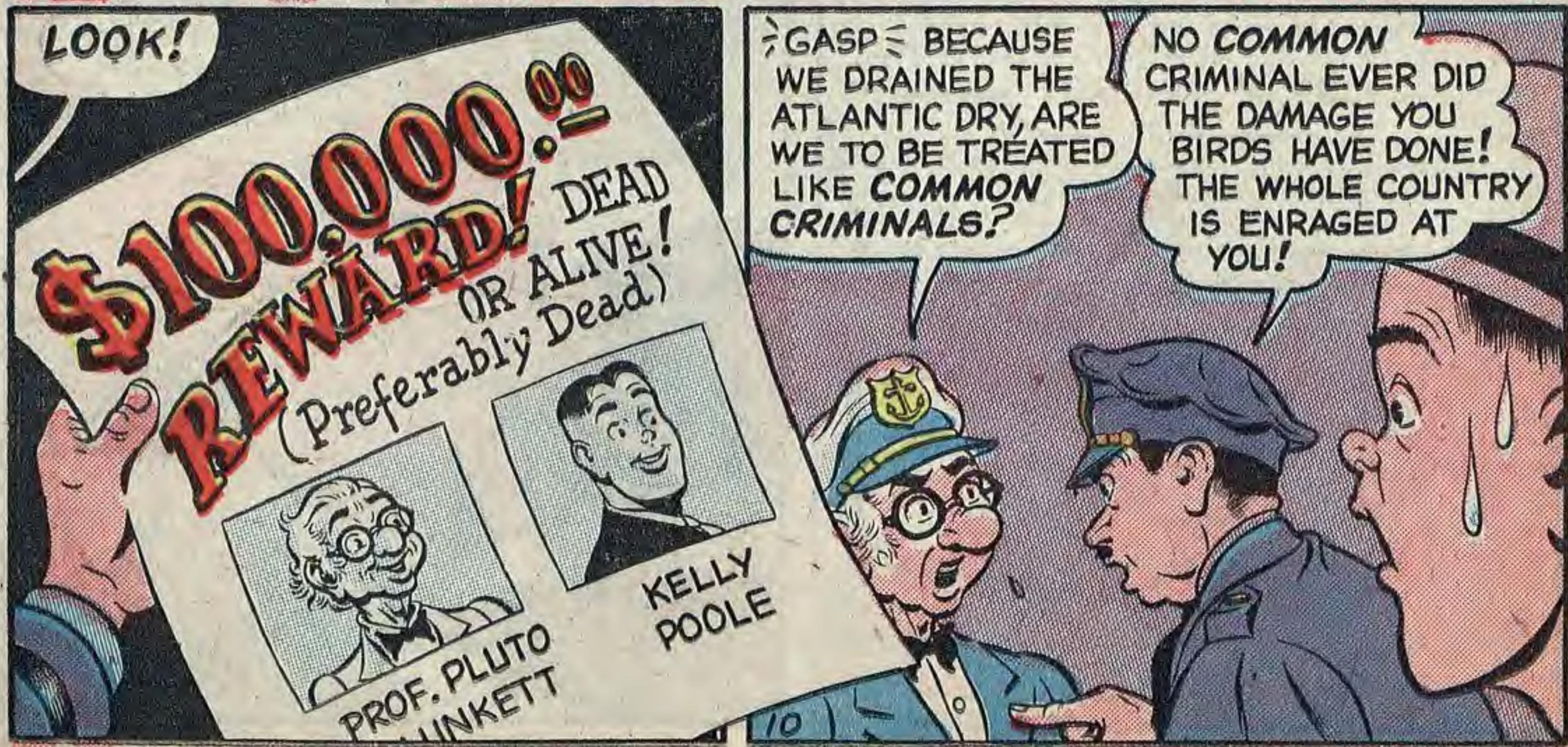


LOOK!



GASP! BECAUSE WE DRAINED THE ATLANTIC DRY, ARE WE TO BE TREATED LIKE COMMON CRIMINALS?

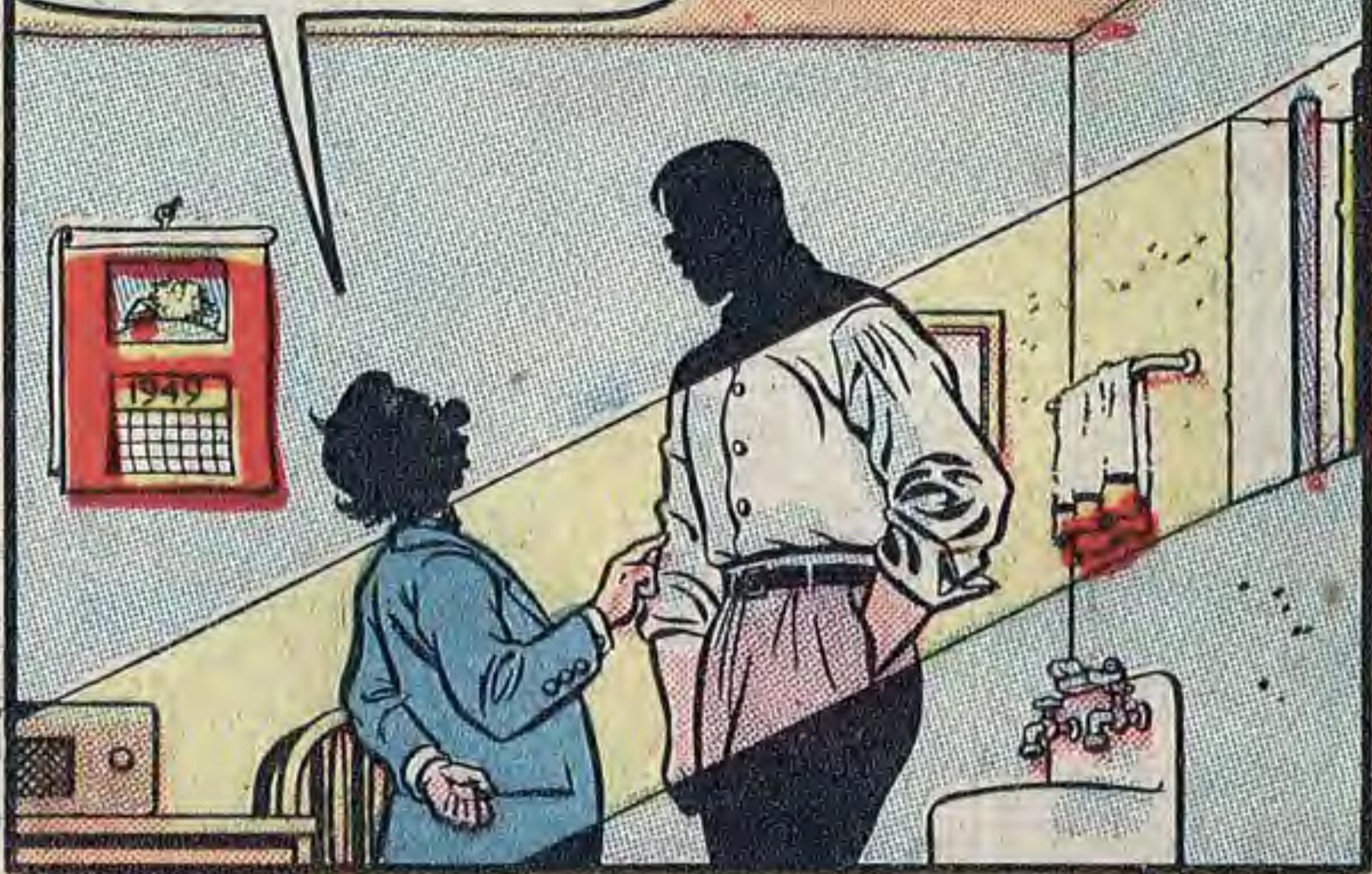
NO COMMON CRIMINAL EVER DID THE DAMAGE YOU BIRDS HAVE DONE! THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS ENRAGED AT YOU!



ALL HUMOR COMICS

Later... PROFESSOR, DRAINING THE
WHY IS EVERYONE ATLANTIC HAS
SO SORE AT US? HAD SOME SERIOUS
RESULTS, KELLY!

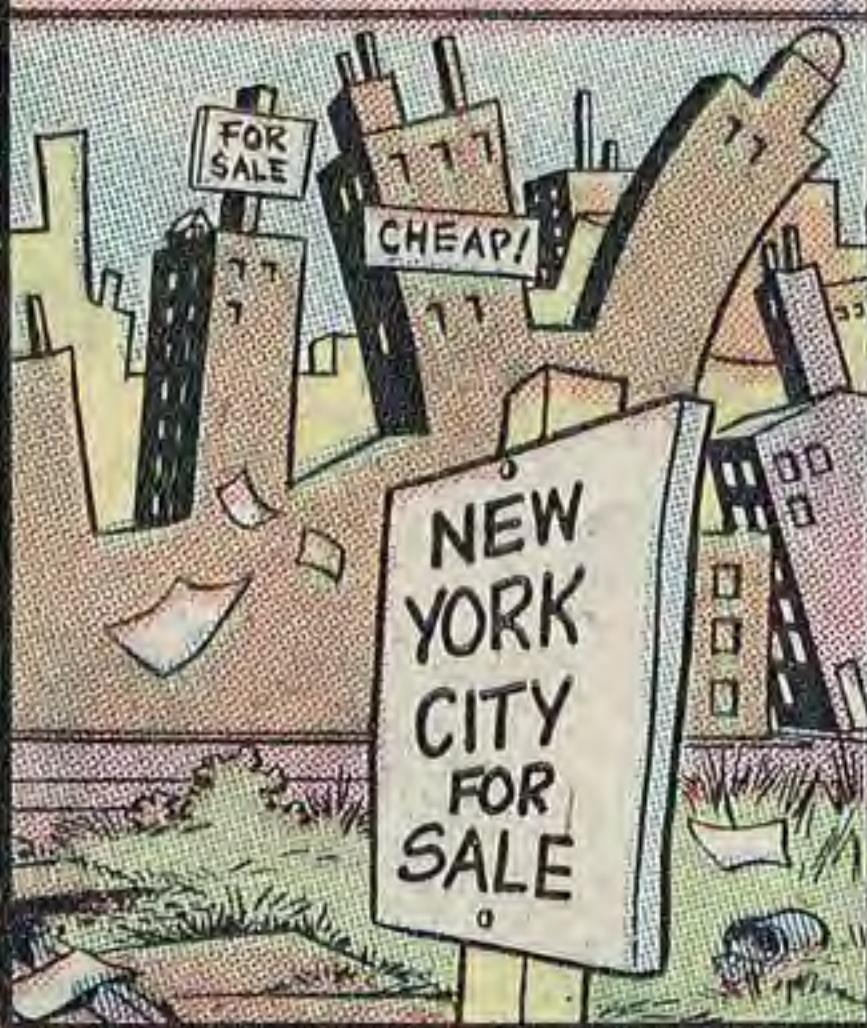
CONGRESS IS SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING
DOING AWAY WITH THE NAVY... ALL
THE ATLANTIC SHIPPING IS A
THING OF THE PAST!



"All the thriving cities
on the East Coast are
doomed to become
Ghost towns!"

"The vast fishing industry is
no more... meat has tripled
in price!"

ALREADY FOREIGN
NATIONS ARE DEMANDING
MOST OF PLUNKETTLAND
FOR THEIR POORER AND
MORE OVERCROWDED
COUNTRIES!



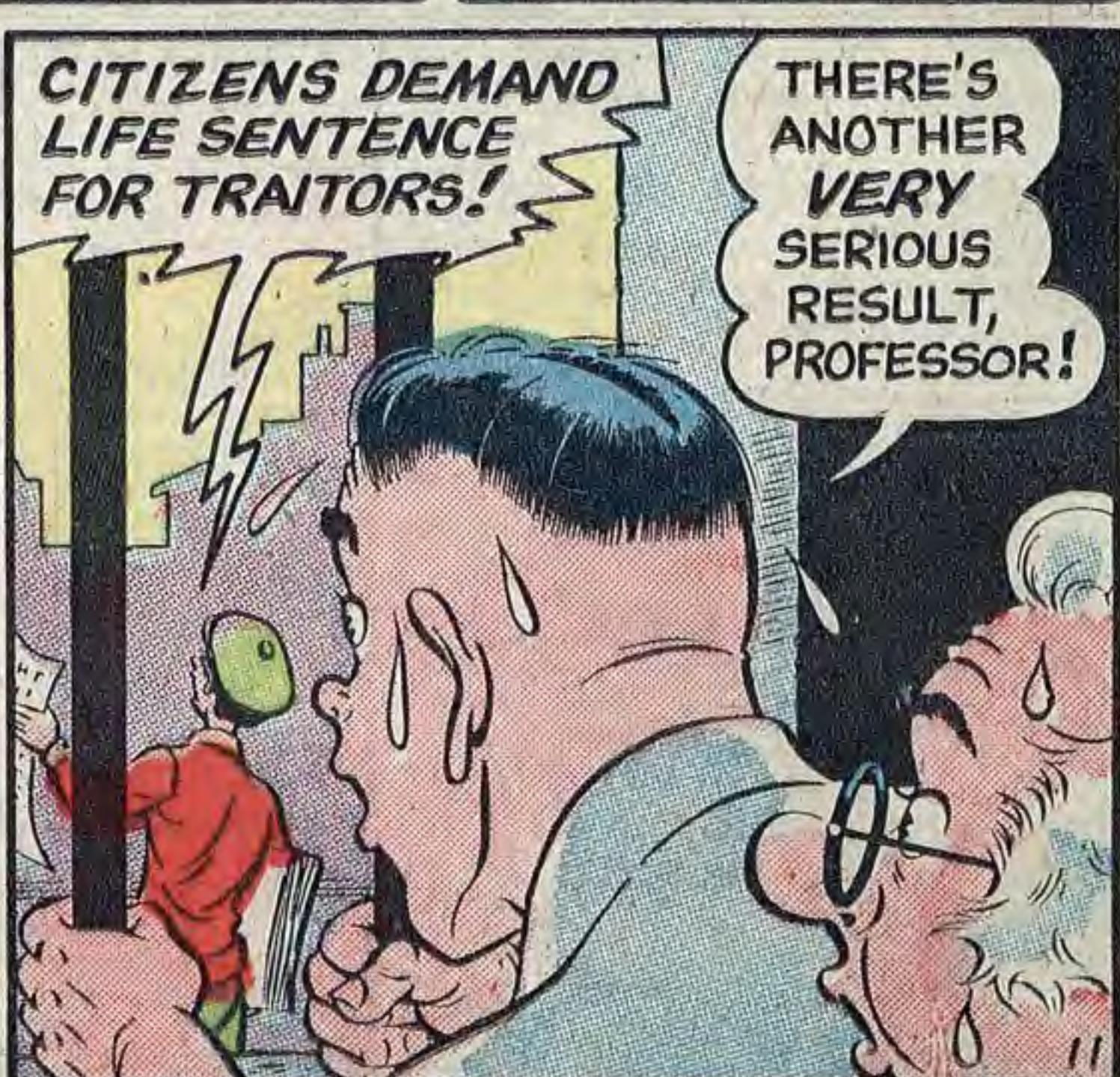
A WORLD CRISIS HAS BEEN
BROUGHT ON, KELLY! OUR
ELIMINATING THE ATLANTIC
HAS HAD MANY SERIOUS
RESULTS!

EXTRA!
EXTRA!



CITIZENS DEMAND
LIFE SENTENCE
FOR TRAITORS!

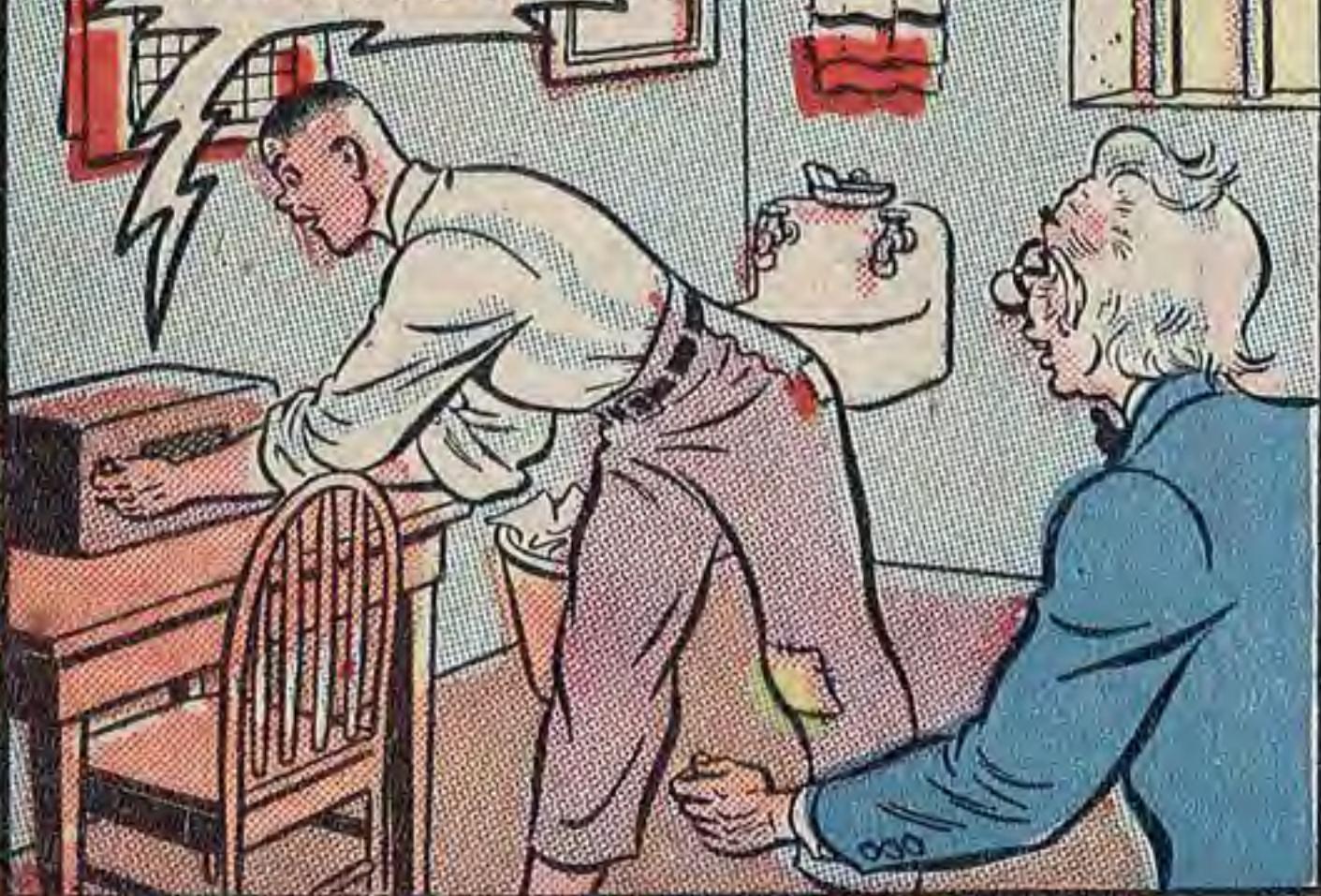
THERE'S
ANOTHER
VERY
SERIOUS
RESULT,
PROFESSOR!



ALL HUMOR COMICS

NEWS FLASH! CONGRESS, IN A SPECIAL SESSION, HAS VOTED TO GIVE HALF OF PLUNKETTLAND TO EUROPE! THE WORLD CRISIS HAS BEEN

AVERTED!



THE UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY WILL ALLOT THE TERRITORY TO THE EUROPEON COUNTRIES MOST AFFECTIONED, ACCORDING TO THEIR SPECIFIC NEEDS!

A VERY WISE DECISION, KELLY!

SPECIAL ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON FOR YOUR RELEASE!



PLUNKETTLAND TO BE OPENED FOR HOMESTEADING!



A WHOLE NEW COUNTRY TO BE SETTLED!



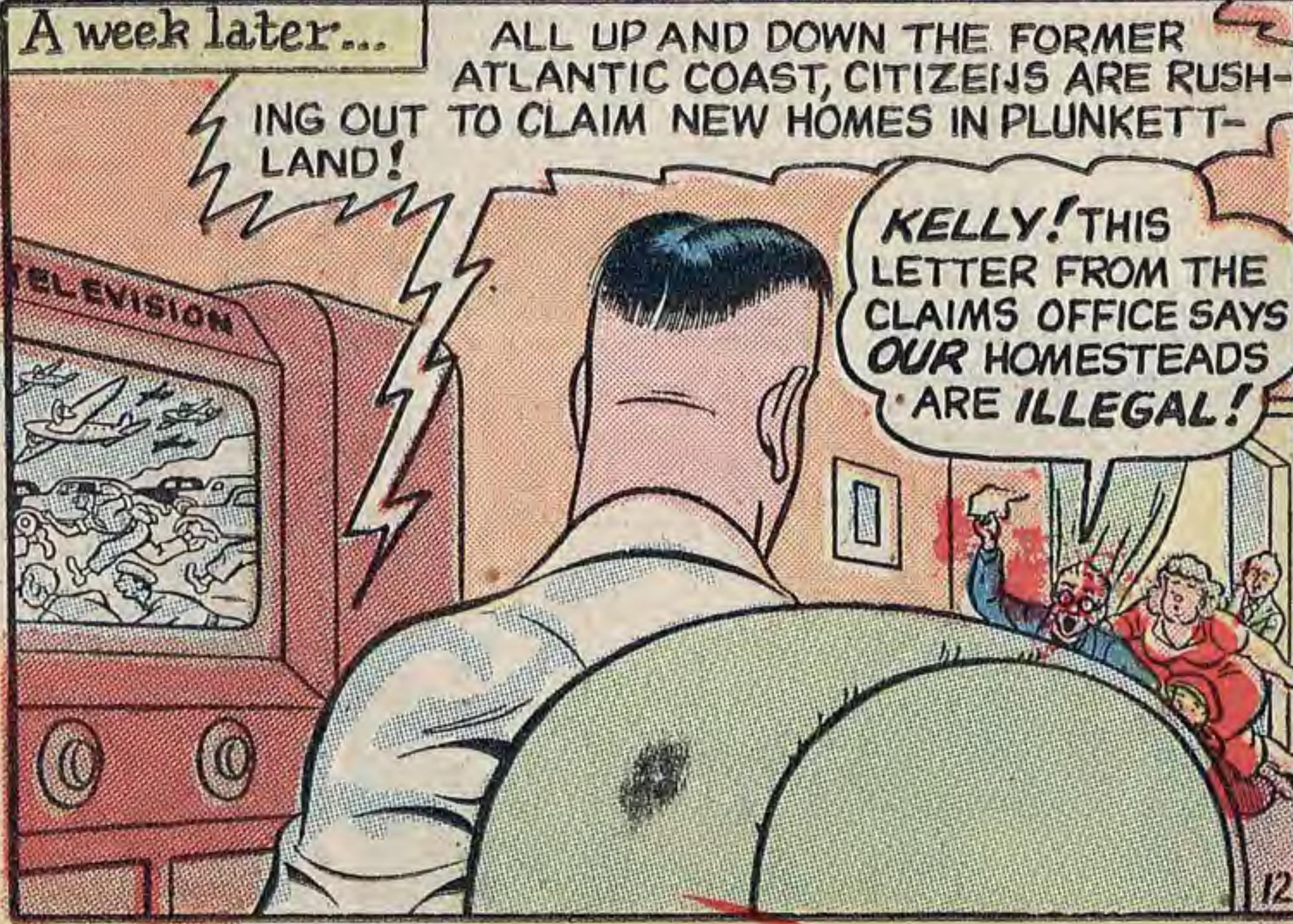
IT WAS A DIRTY TRICK PUTTING PLUNKETT AND THE POOLE'S IN JAIL! THEY'RE HEROES!

GOSH! FIRST WE WERE TRAITORS AND NOW WE'RE HEROES!

THE PUBLIC IS BEGINNING TO REALIZE IT'S GAINED FAR MORE THAN IT'S LOST!



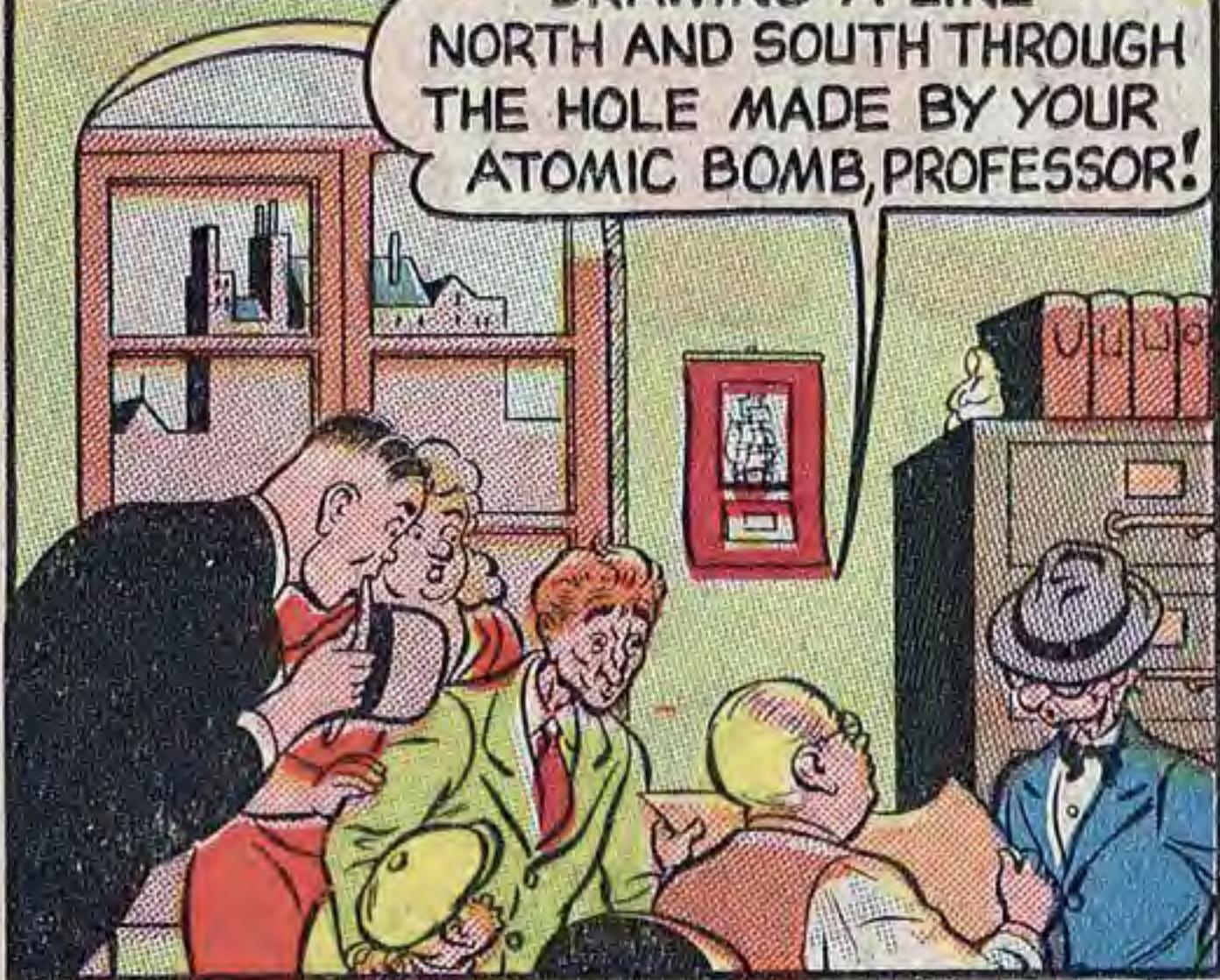
A week later...



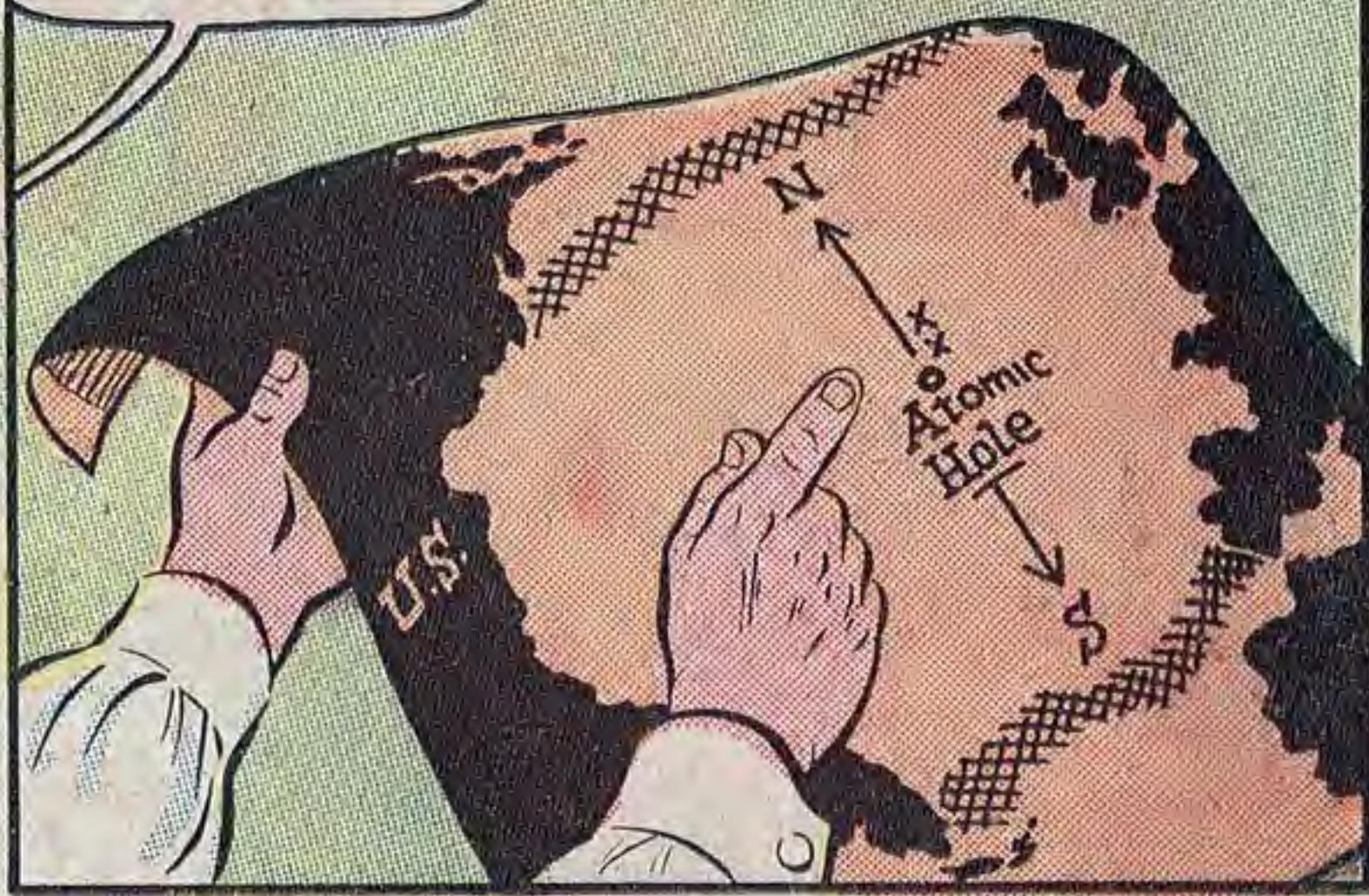
ALL UP AND DOWN THE FORMER ATLANTIC COAST, CITIZENS ARE RUSHING OUT TO CLAIM NEW HOMES IN PLUNKETTLAND!

At the claims office...

CONGRESS DIVIDED PLUNKETTLAND BY DRAWING A LINE NORTH AND SOUTH THROUGH THE HOLE MADE BY YOUR ATOMIC BOMB, PROFESSOR!



YOUR HOMESTEADS ARE ILLEGAL BECAUSE THEY'RE **EAST** OF THE BORDER LINE...ON THE HALF THAT'S BEEN GIVEN TO EUROPE!



THE SAME RULE APPLIES FOR ALL THIS TREASURE YOU'VE REGISTERED A CLAIM FOR! IT WAS COLLECTED ON YOUR **ILLEGAL** HOMESTEADS SO IT MUST BE HANDED OVER TO THEIR NEW **LEGAL** OWNERS!

VIPE!



WE'RE GETTING A VERY LATE START, BUT IF WE HURRY MAYBE WE CAN FIND A PATCH OF LAND SOMEWHERE THAT HASN'T BEEN CLAIMED!



Days later...

IT'S NO USE, KELLY! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT THAT HASN'T ALREADY BEEN TAKEN!

YES THERE IS, PROFESSOR, AND I JUST CLAIMED IT!

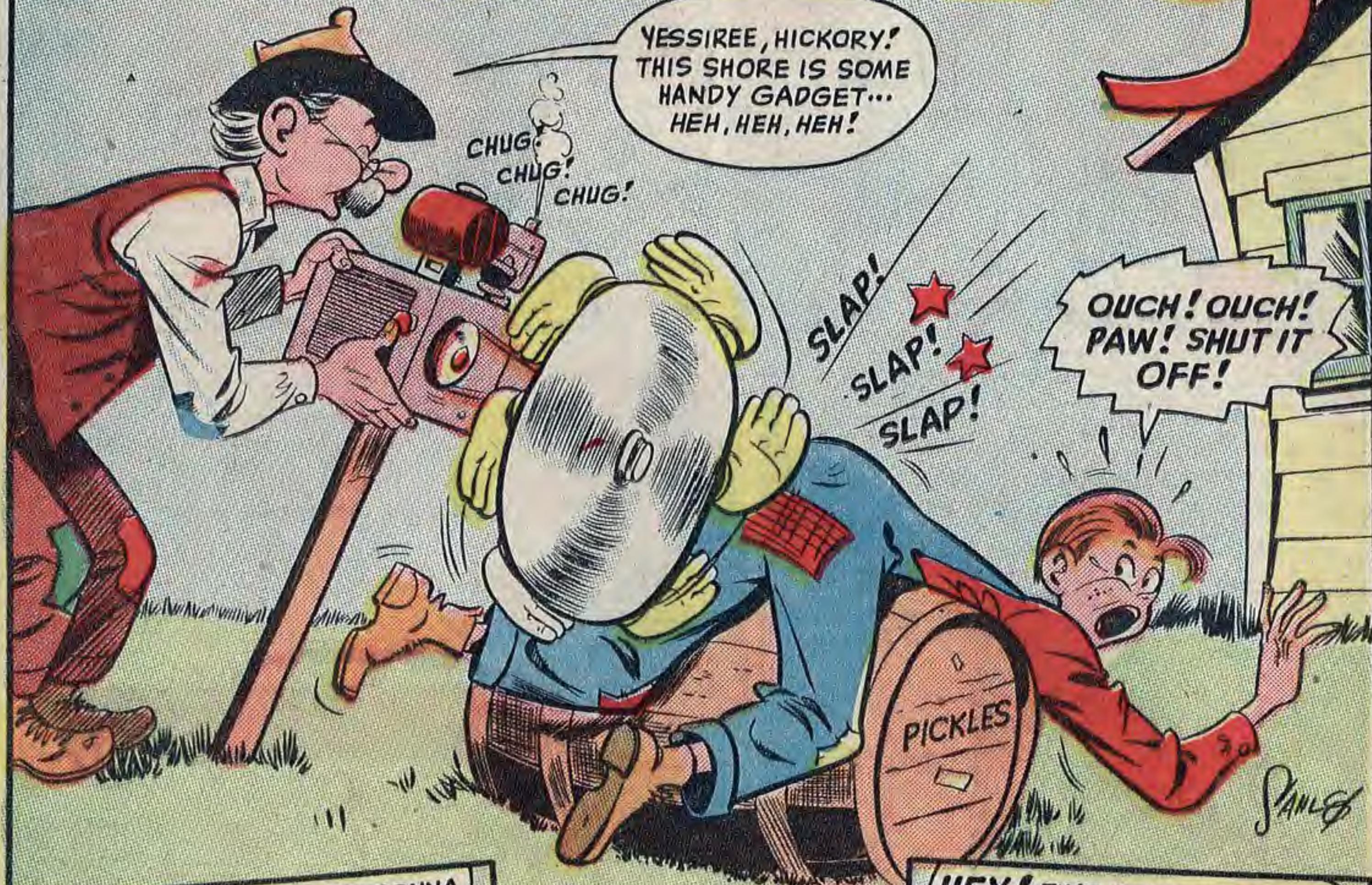


**THE
HOLE!**

KELLY POOLE
CLAIM
STAY
OUT!



HICKORY

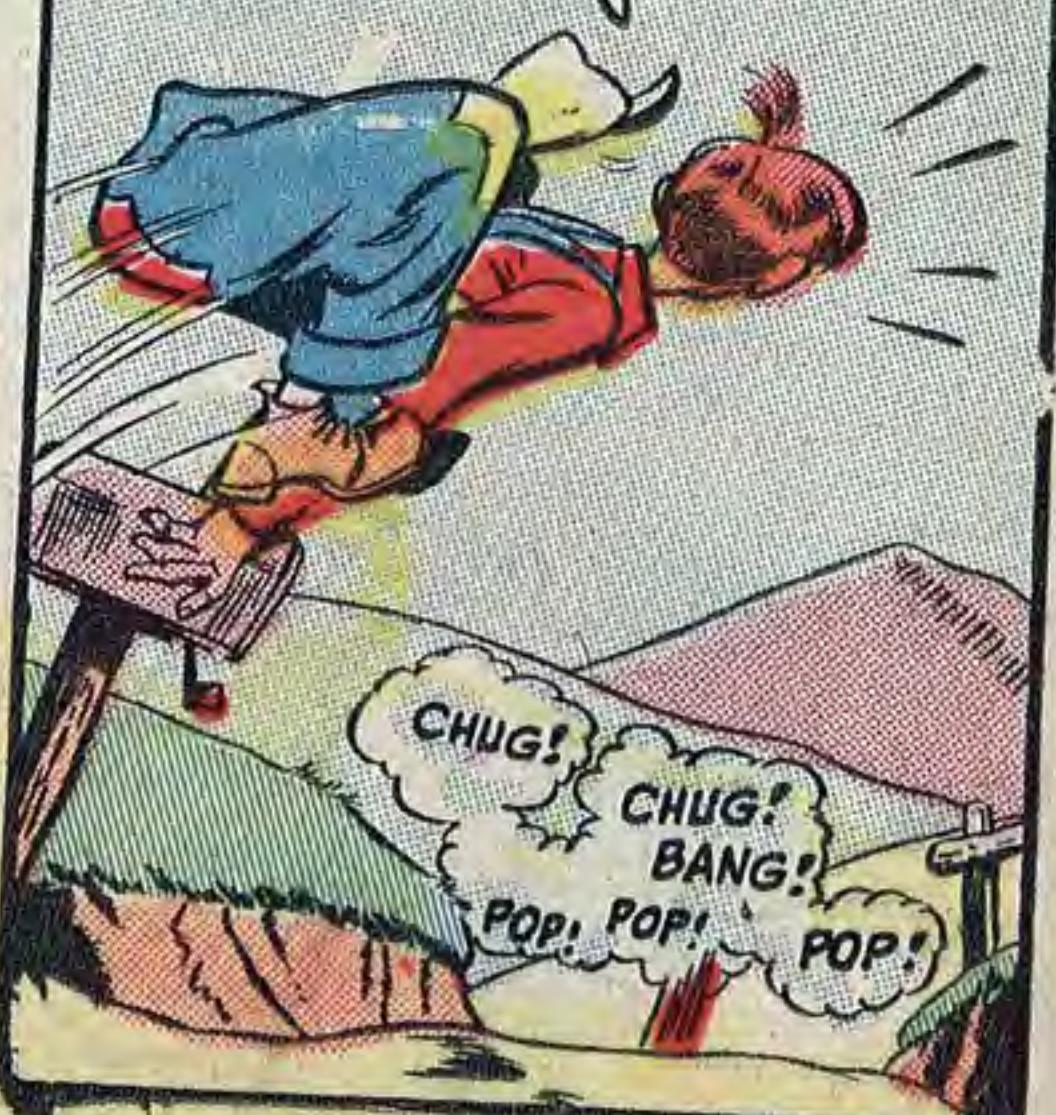
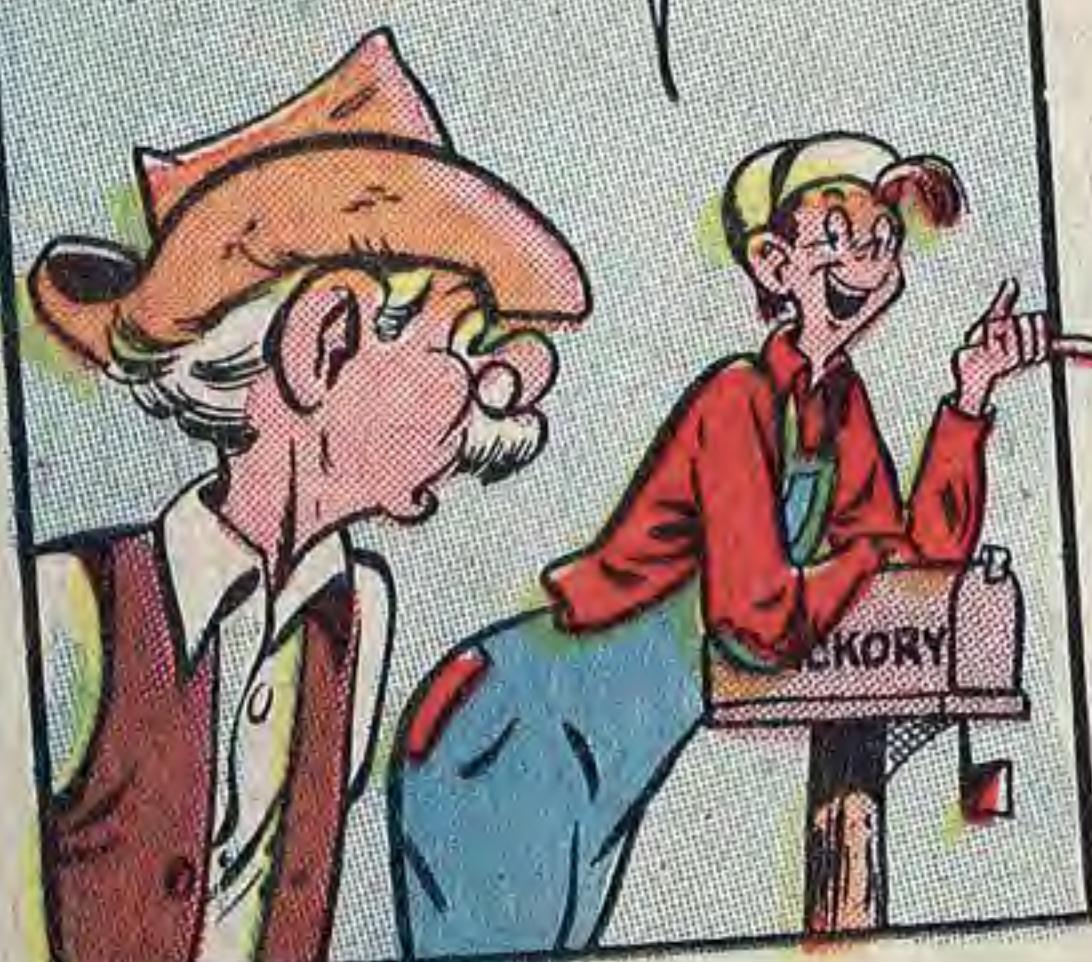


HICKORY, WHEN
ARE Y'GONNA
START DOIN'
SOME O' THE
JOBS AROUND
HYAR?

PAW, AH'M GONNA
DO ALL THOSE
JOBS JES' AS
SOON AS AH GIT
MY NEW "2001
JIFFY DO-
ANYTHING"
ENGINE!

IT'S DOWN T'THE
DEPOT AN MR.
MILLER WENT AFTER
IT IN HIS TRUCK!

HEY! THAT SOUNDS LIKE
HIS TRUCK A-COMIN' UP OUR
HILL NOW! AN' THE WAY HE'S
PULLIN', AH'LL BET HE'S
GOT IT... MY NEW
1001 ENGINE!



ALL HUMOR COMICS

HYAR SHE BE, HICKORY!
WHUTEVER SHE BE,
SHE SHORE BE
HEAVY!

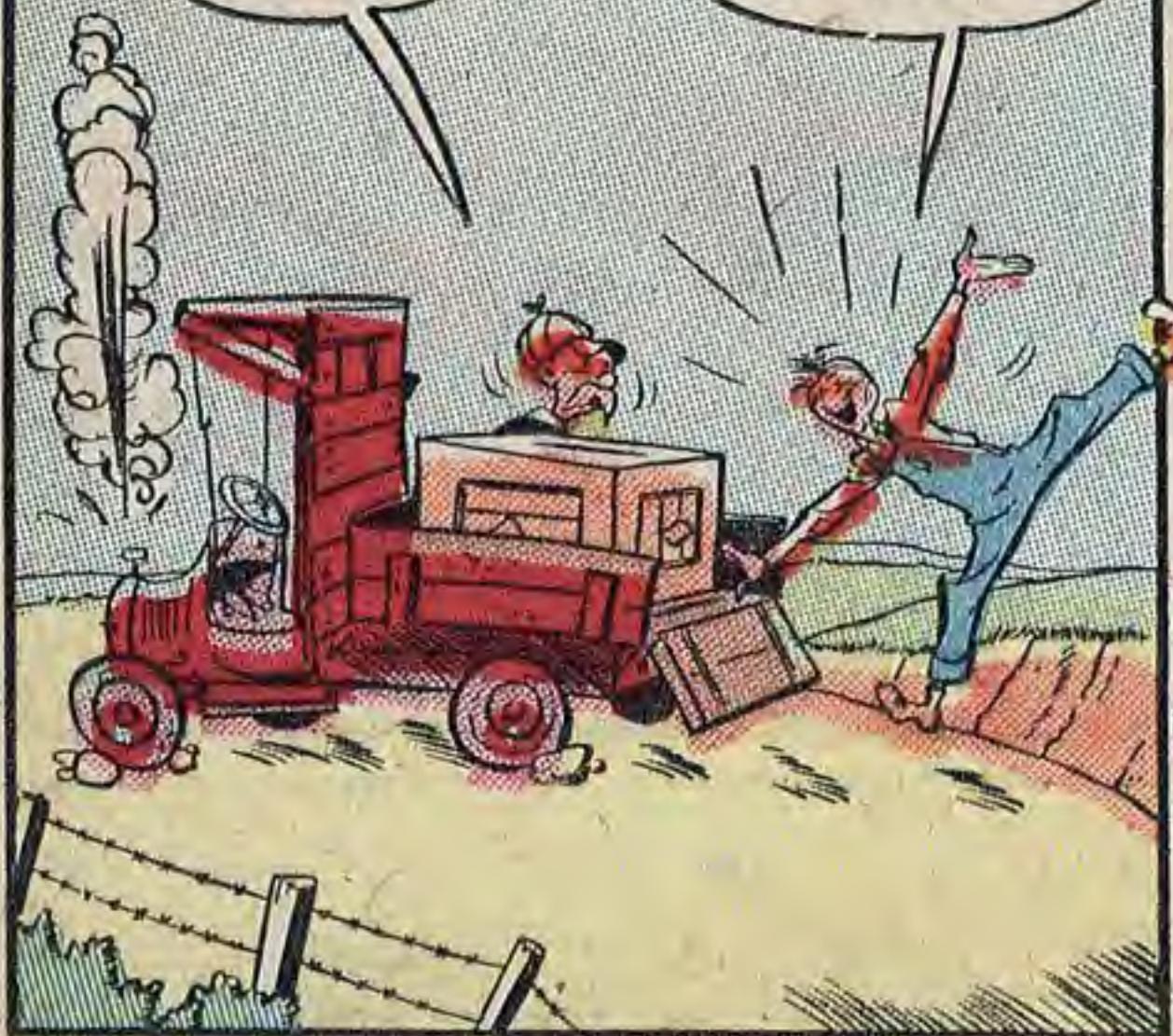
YIPPEE! AH'LL
HELP YO' UN-
LOAD 'ER,
MR. MILLER...

A few minutes later...

BOY! AIN'T IT A
BEAUTY, PAW? THIS
LIL' OL' "JIFFY 1001"
WILL SOON CHANGE
THINGS AROUND
H'YAR!

ME AN' MY "JIFFY"
ARE READY FOR ANY
JOB! WHAR SHOULD
WE START?

Y'MIGHT
GRABA
PITCHFORK
AN' GIT THAT
HAY INTO TH'
BARN!

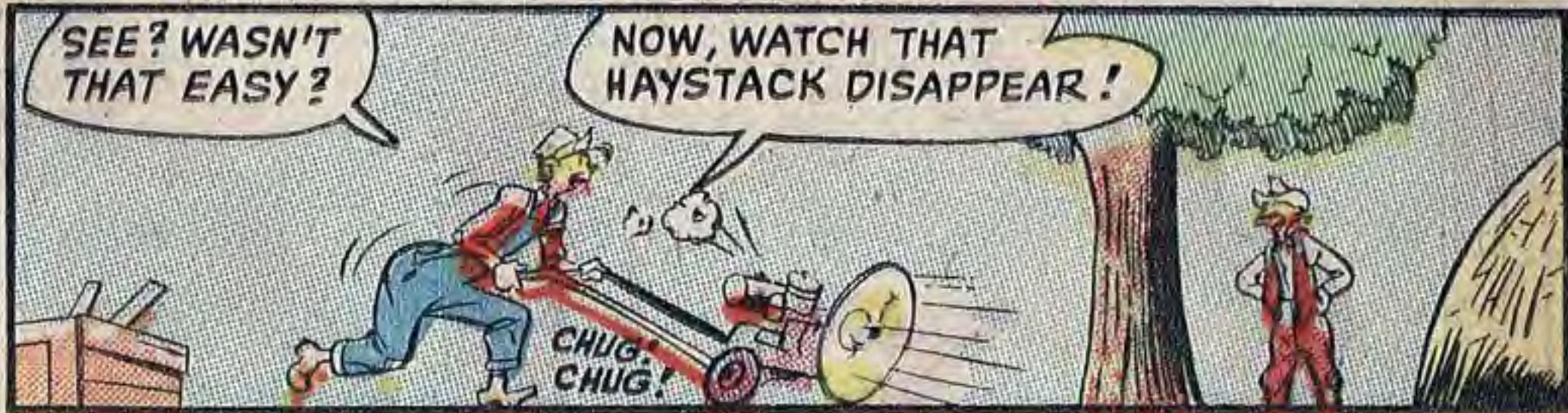


PITCHFORK? NOSSIR,
PAW... AH'LL SHOW YO'AH
KIN MOVE THET HAYSTACK
WITHOUT EVEN
TOUCHING IT!

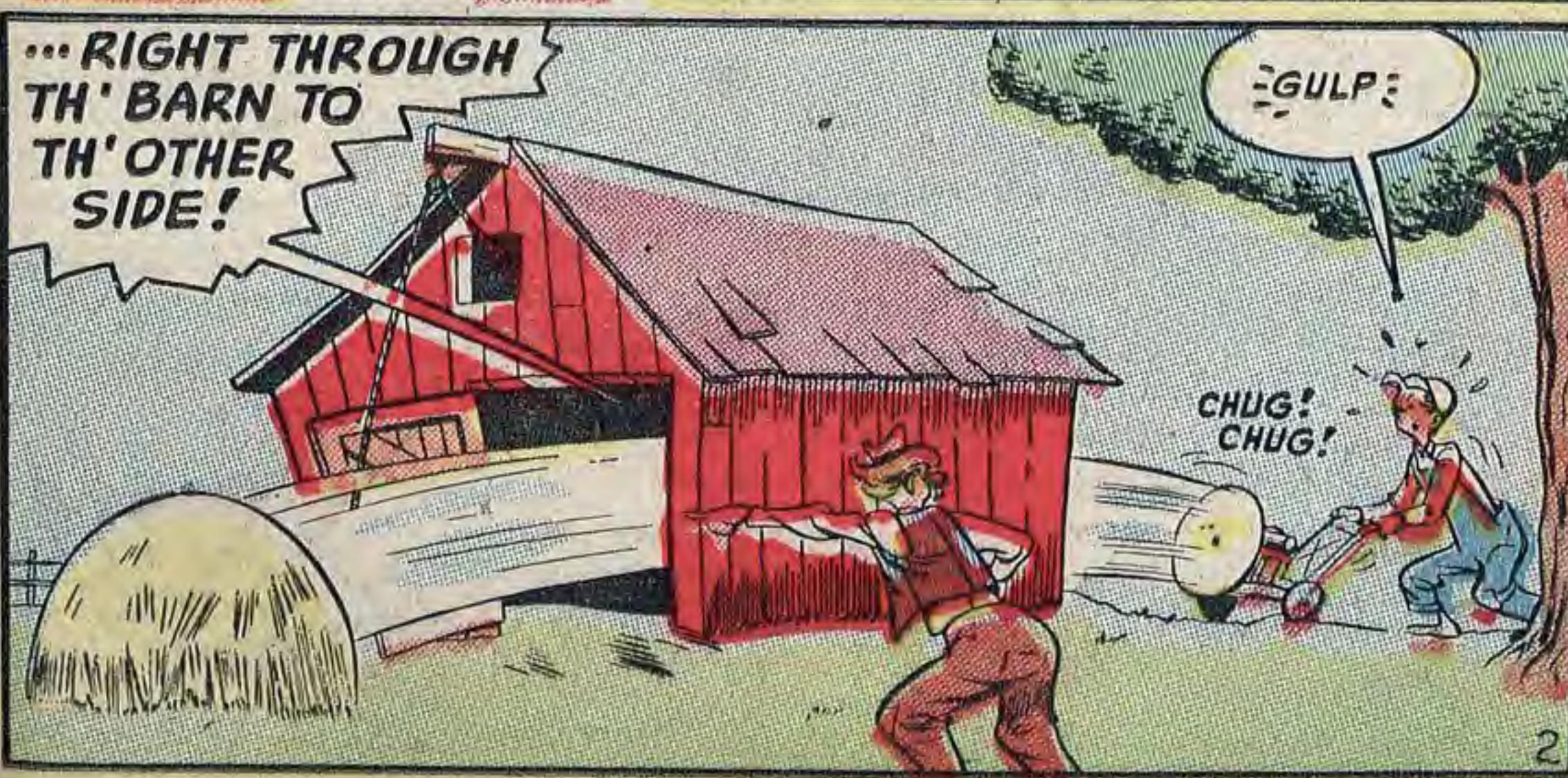
AH JES'
GOTTA ATTACH
THIS FAN ON
THE FRONT
END!

SEE? WASN'T
THAT EASY?

NOW, WATCH THAT
HAYSTACK DISAPPEAR!

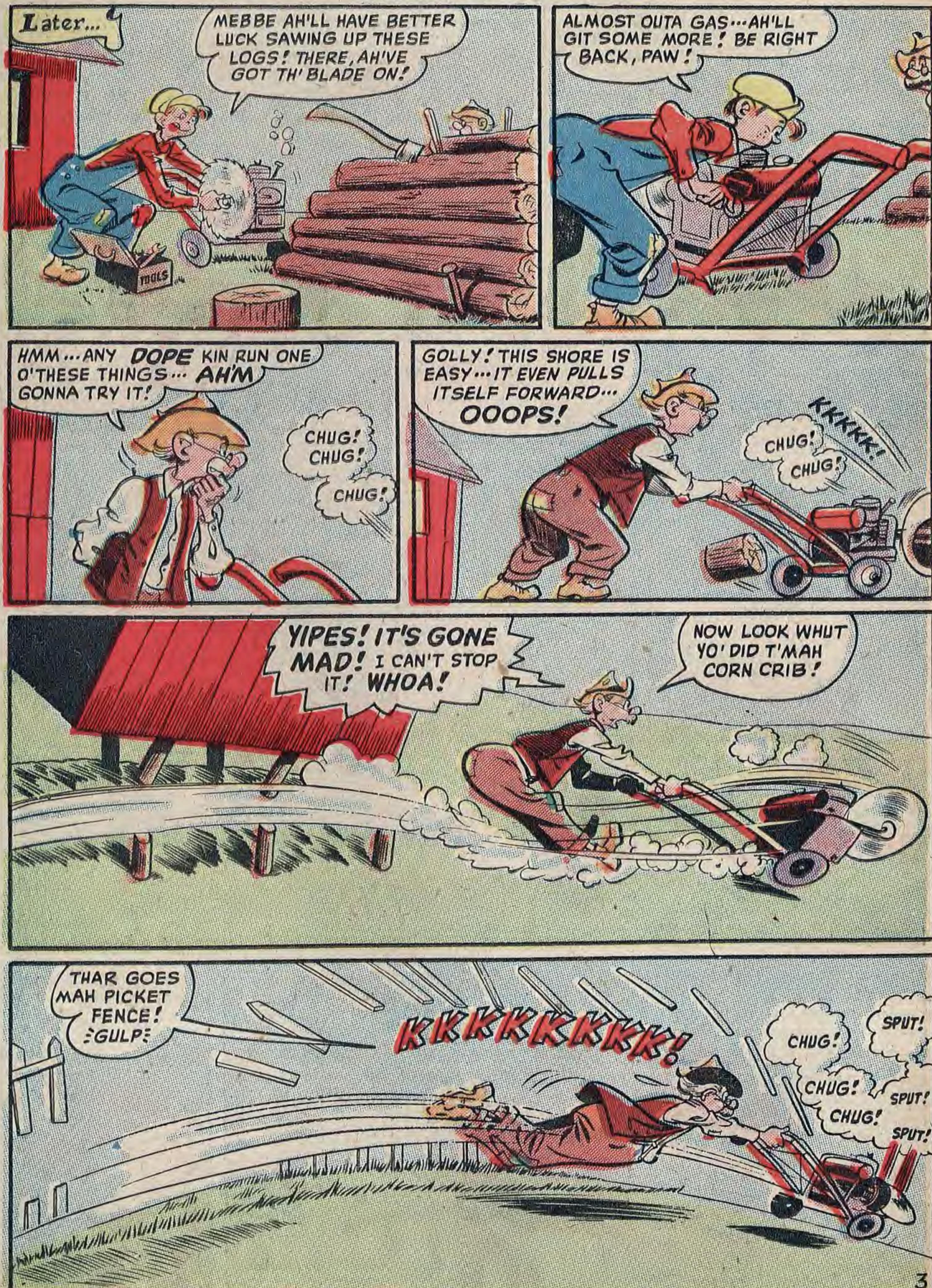


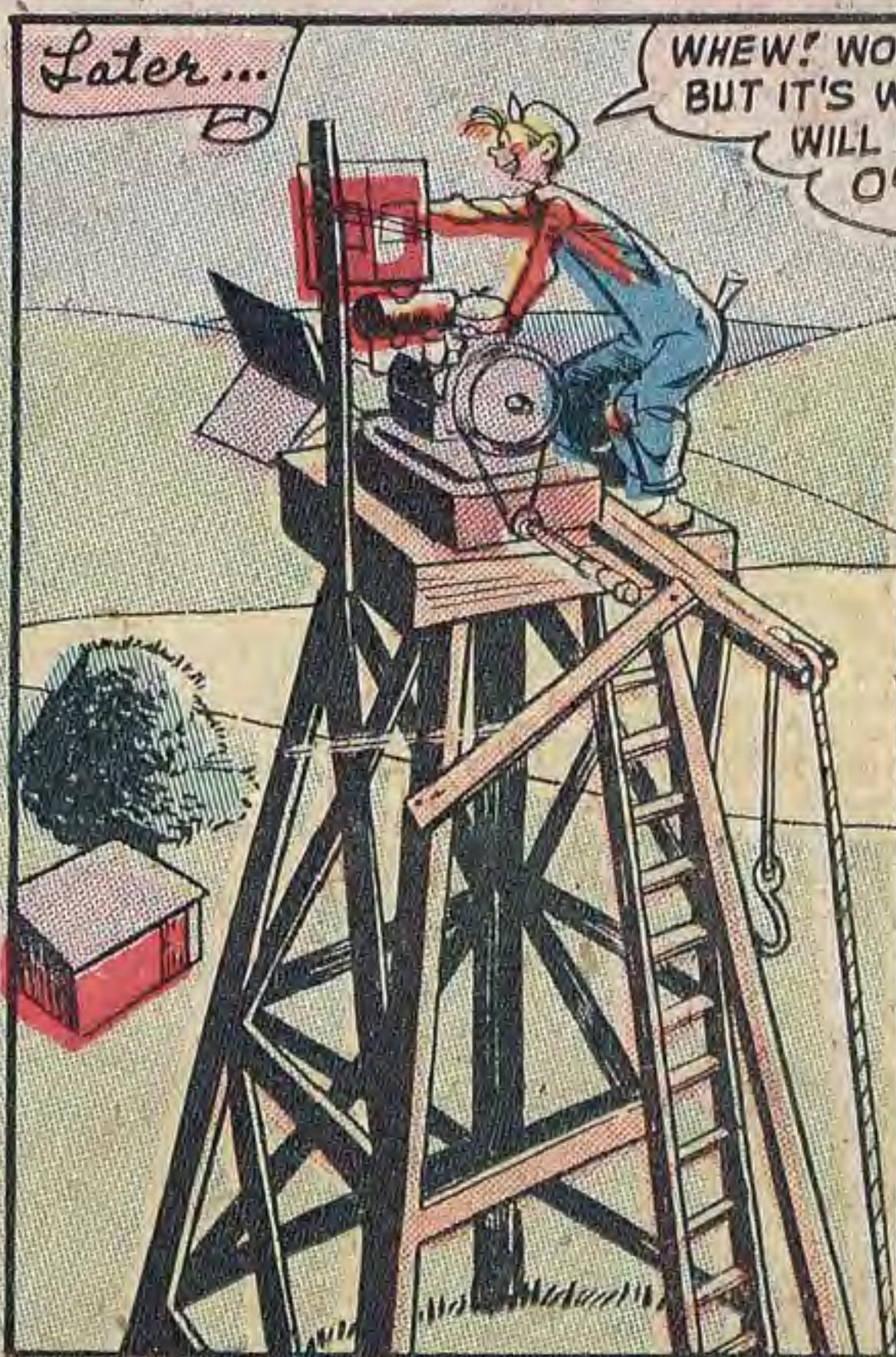
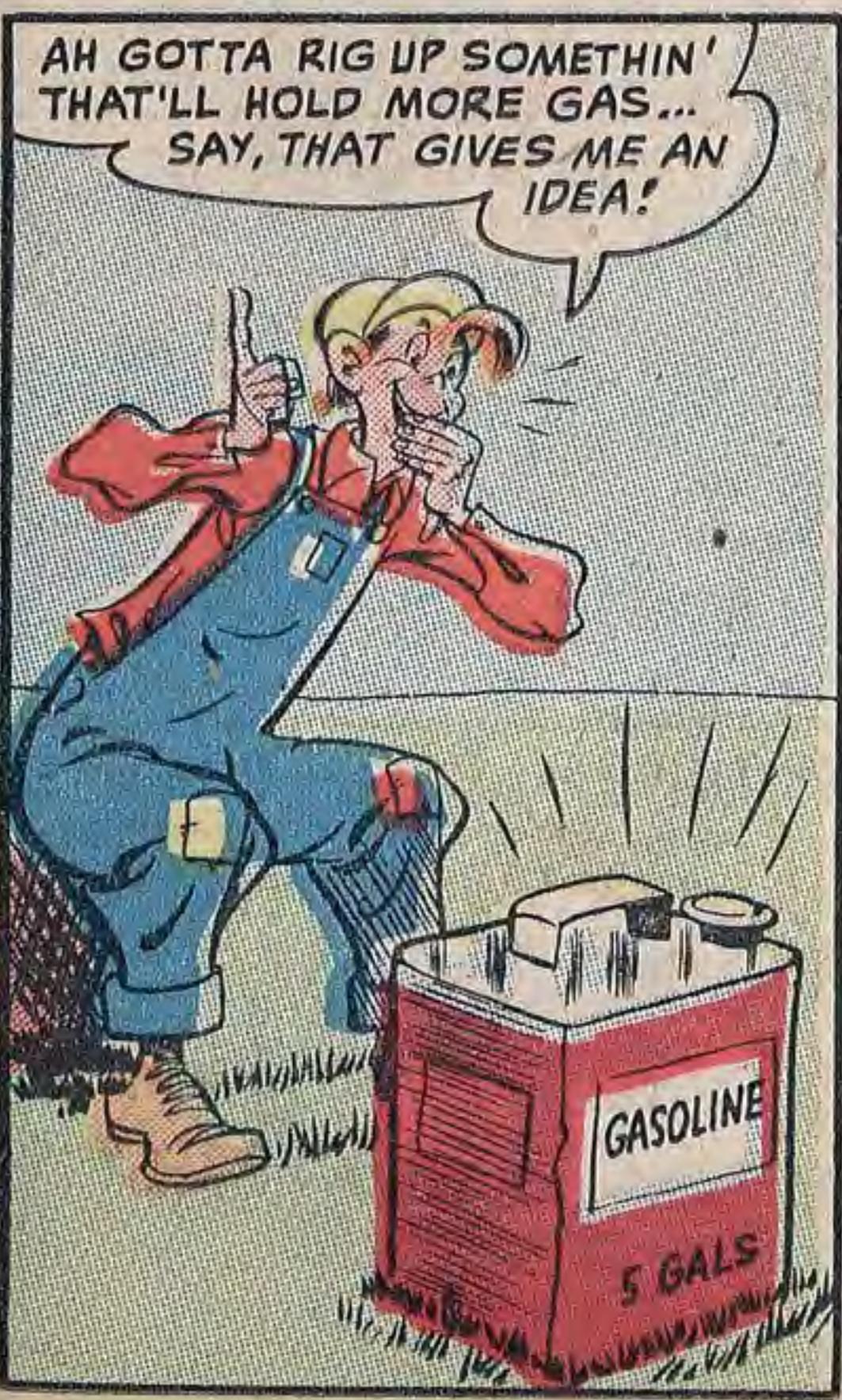
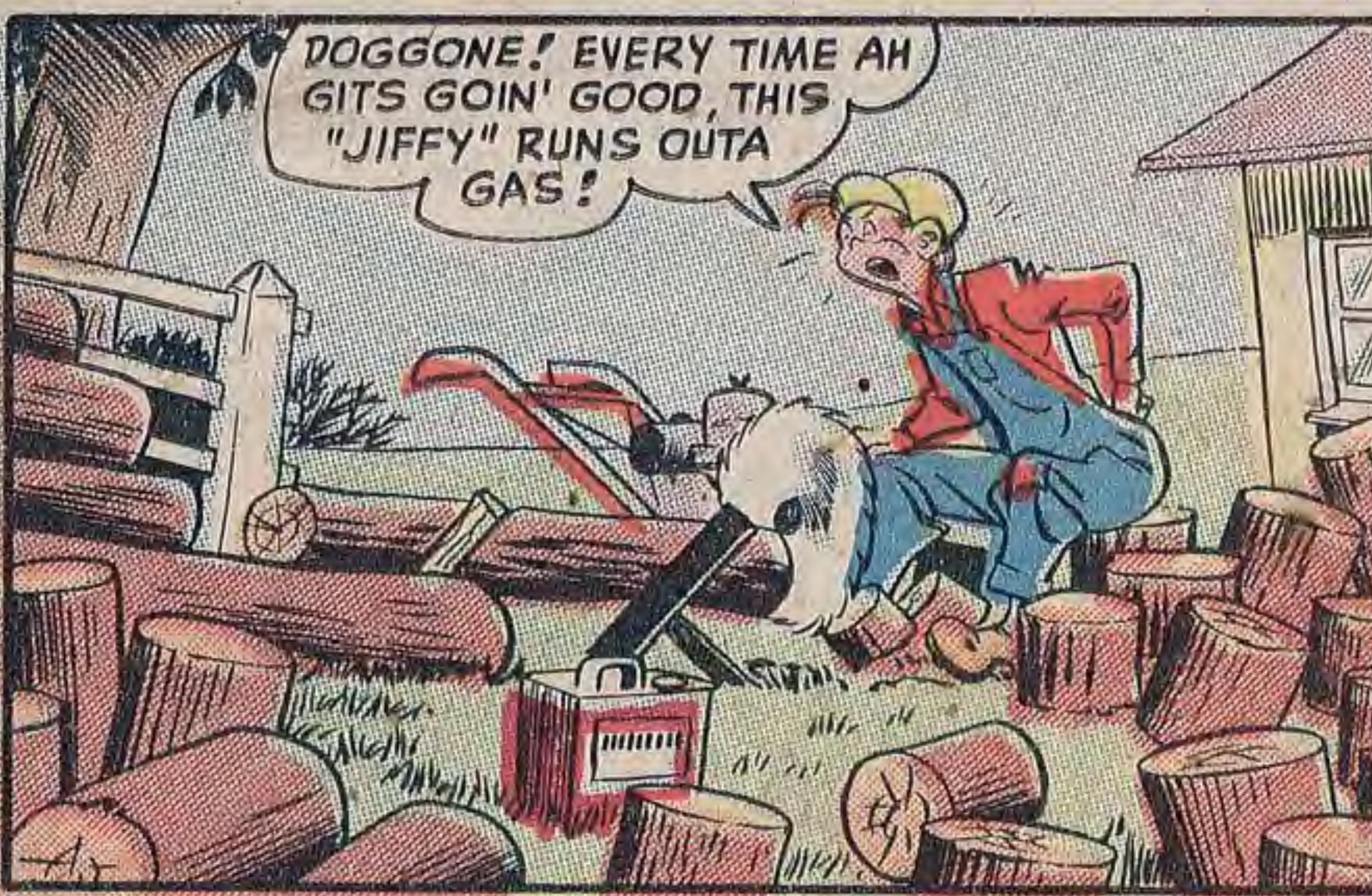
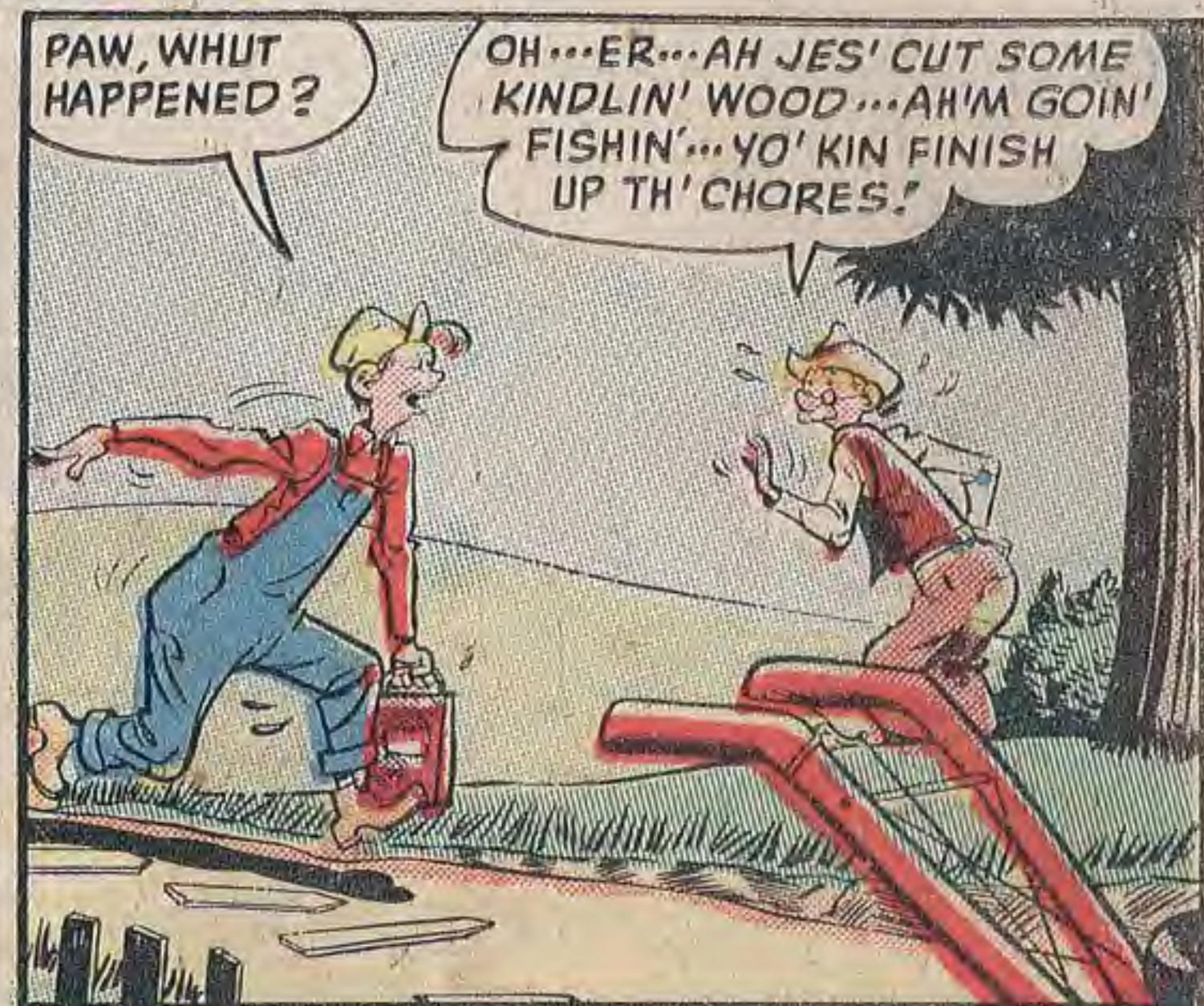
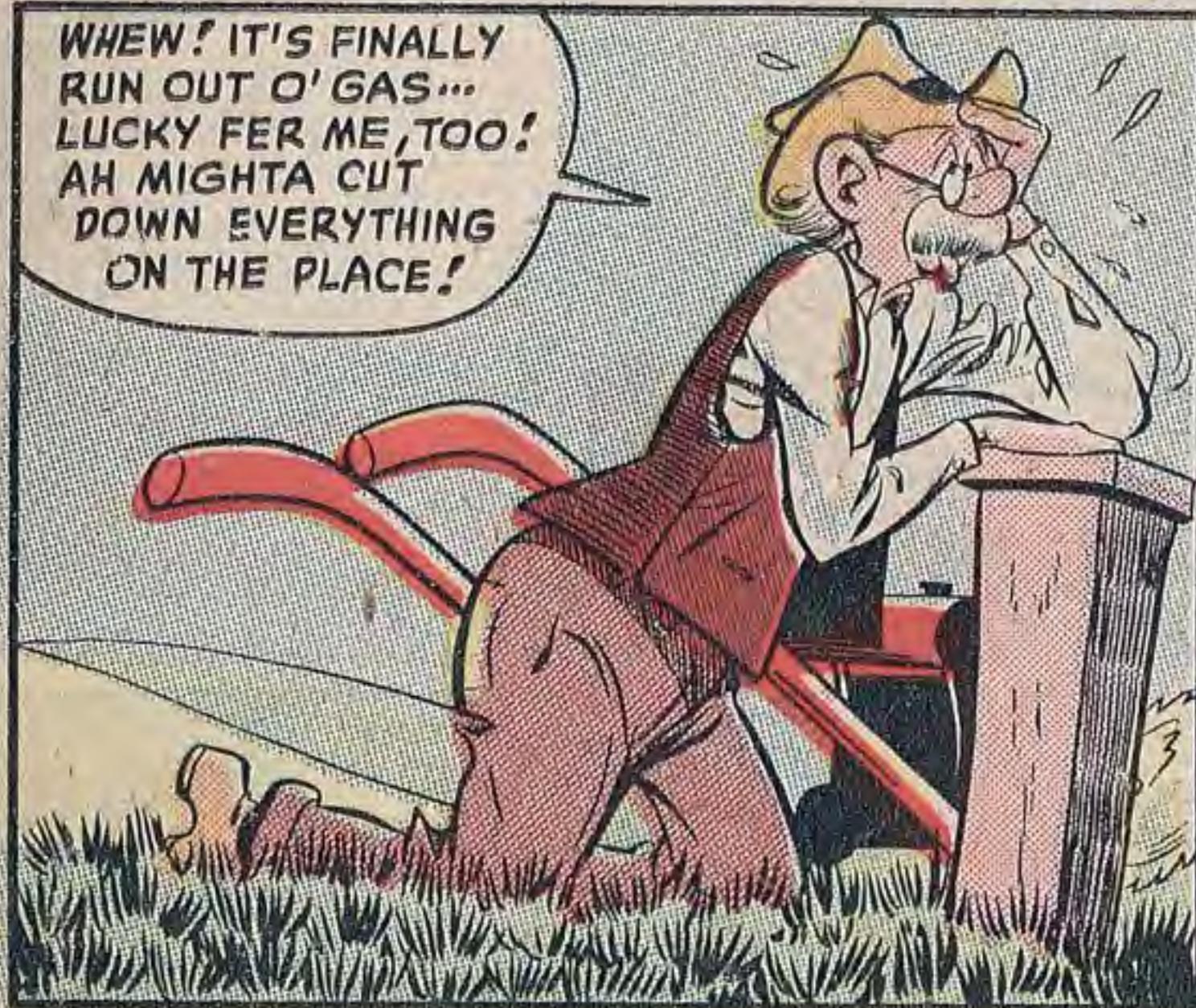
...RIGHT THROUGH
TH' BARN TO
TH' OTHER
SIDE!



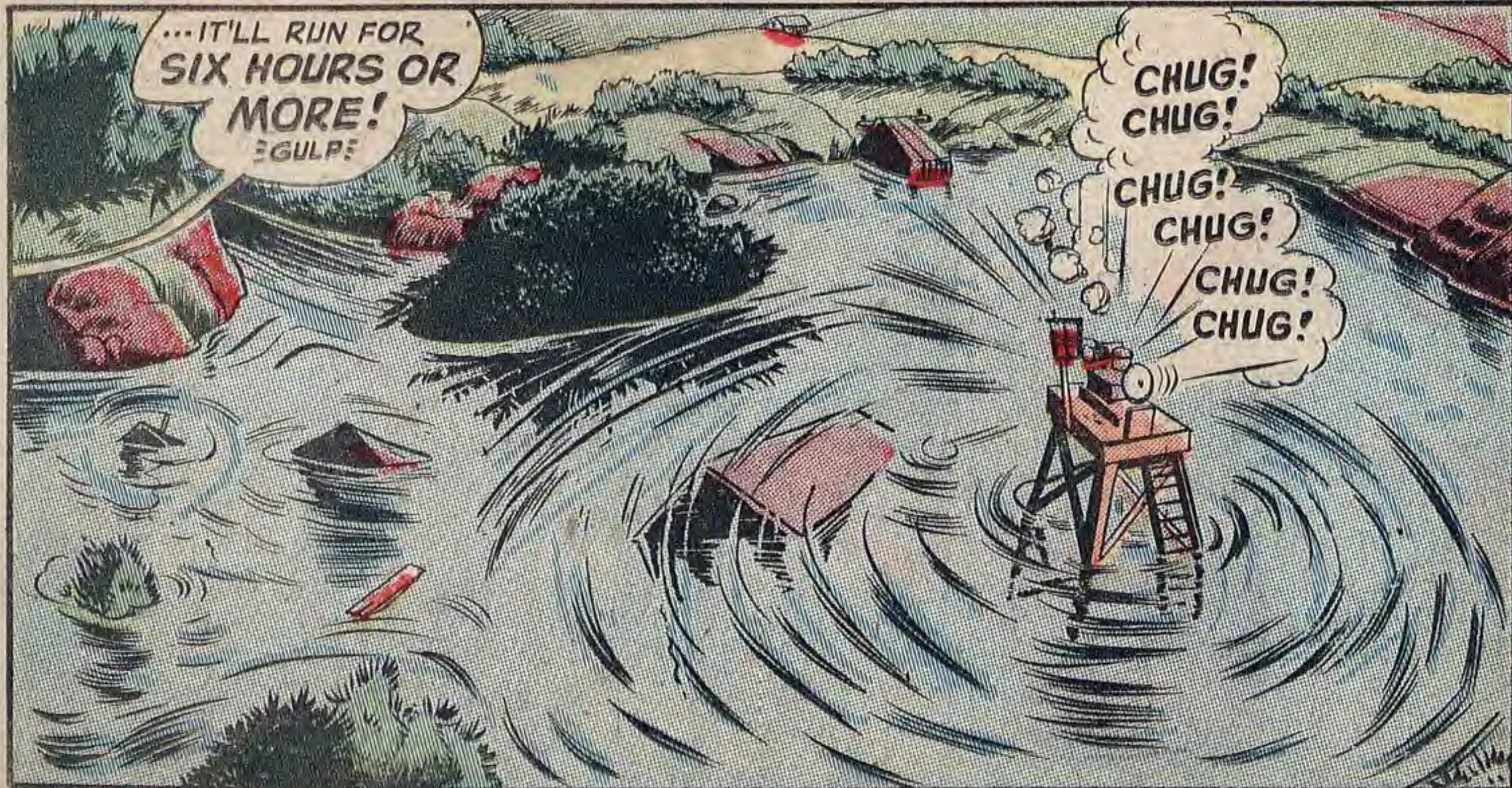
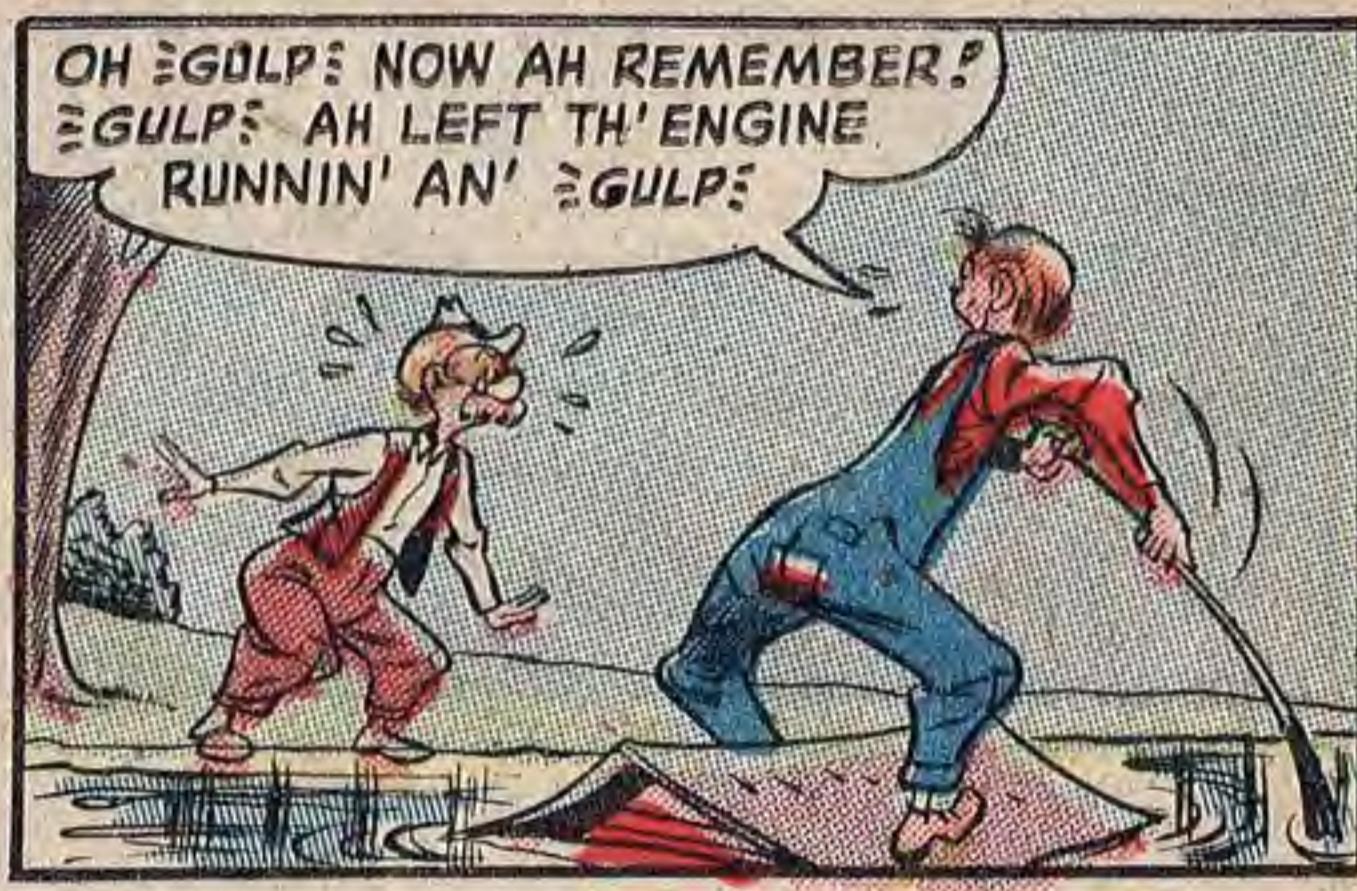
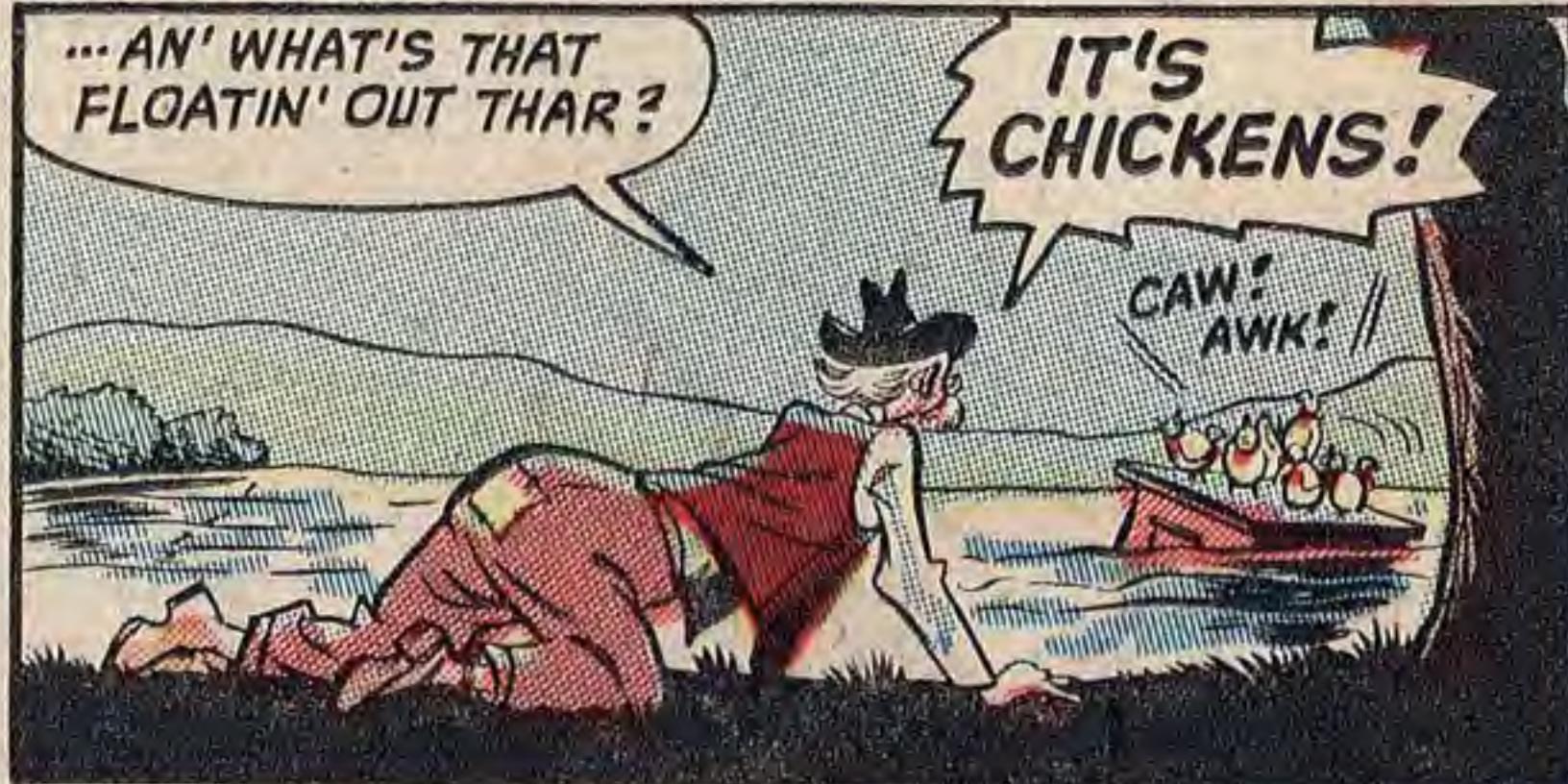
NOW GRAB A
PITCHFORK AN'
GIT THAT HAY INTO
THE BARN!

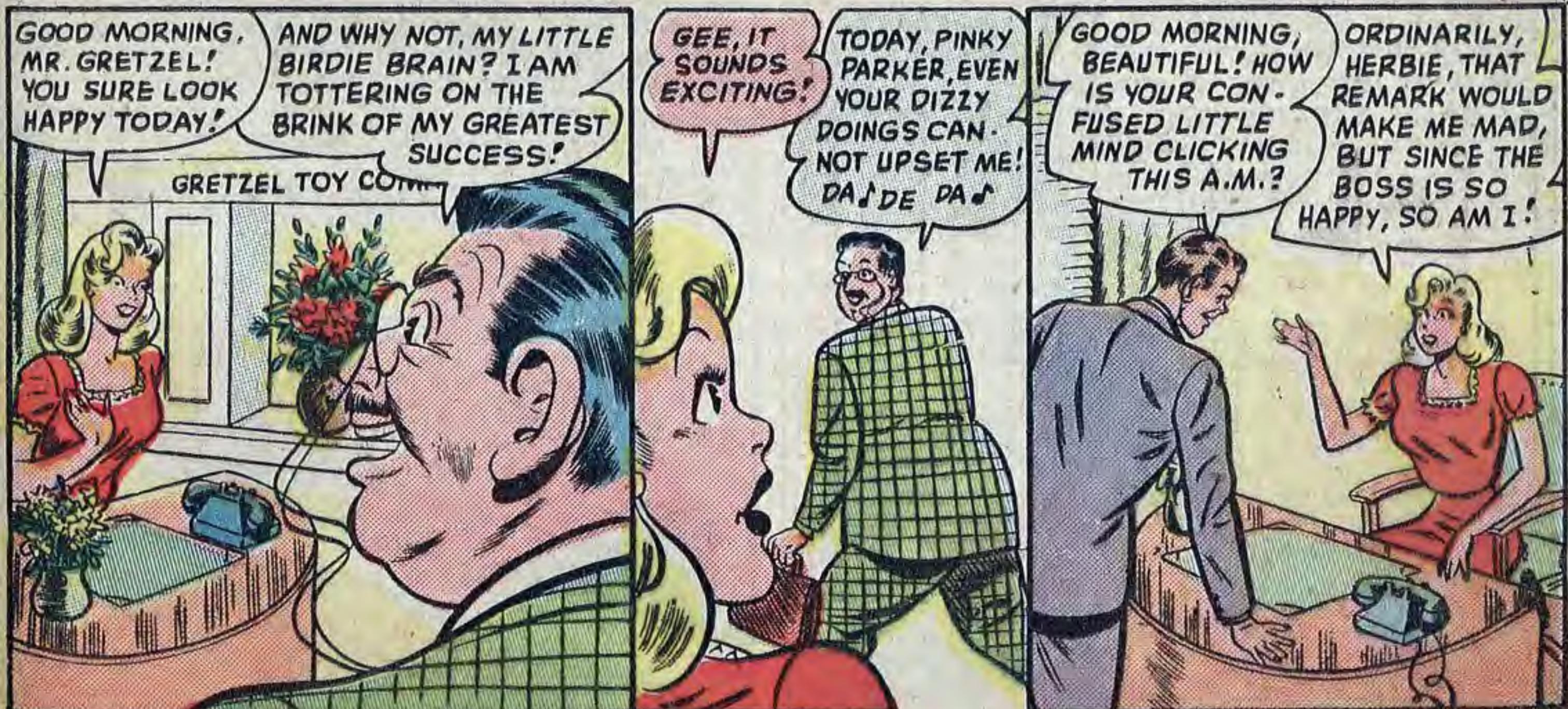






ALL HUMOR COMICS

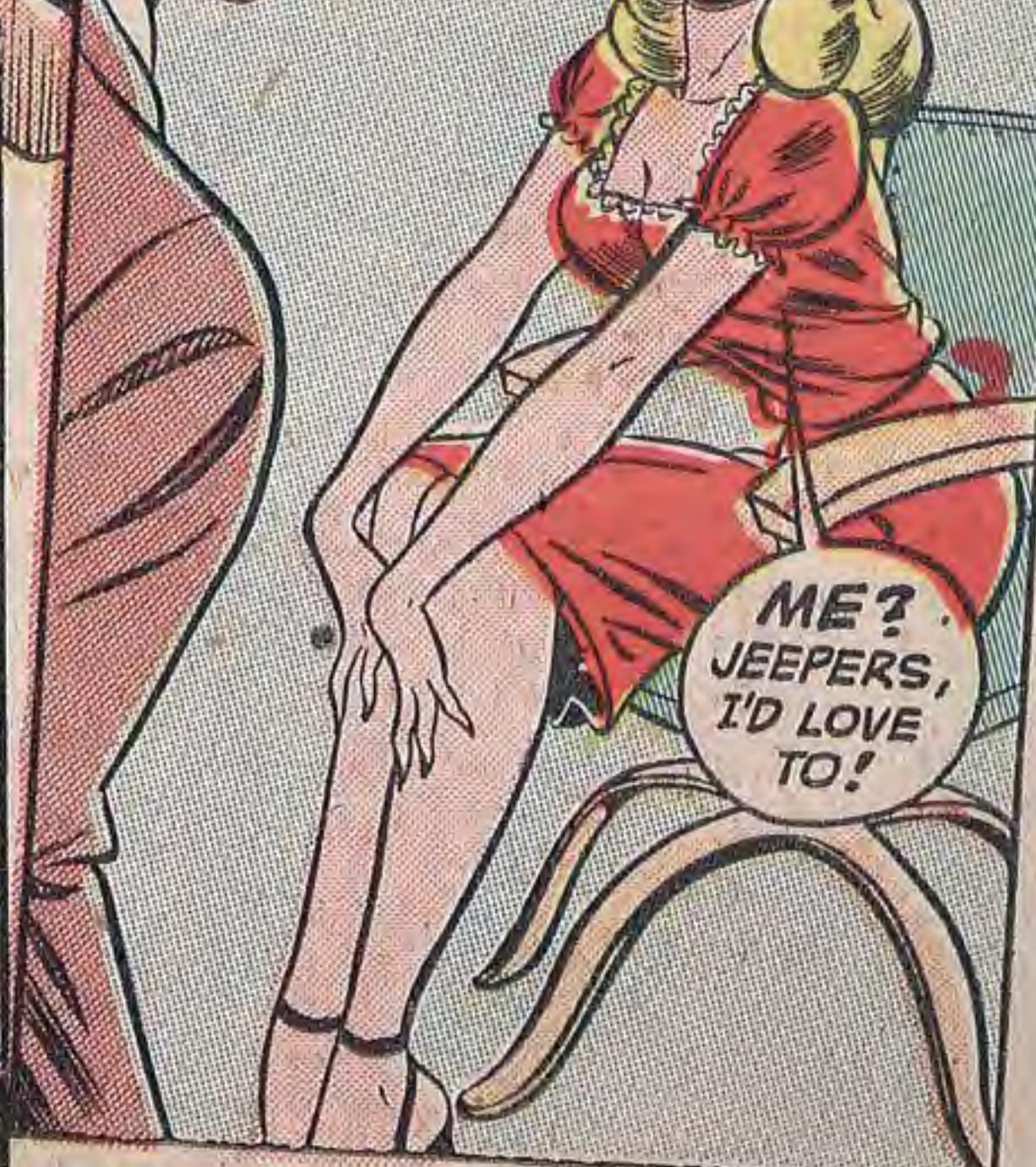




ALL HUMOR COMICS



ALL HUMOR COMICS

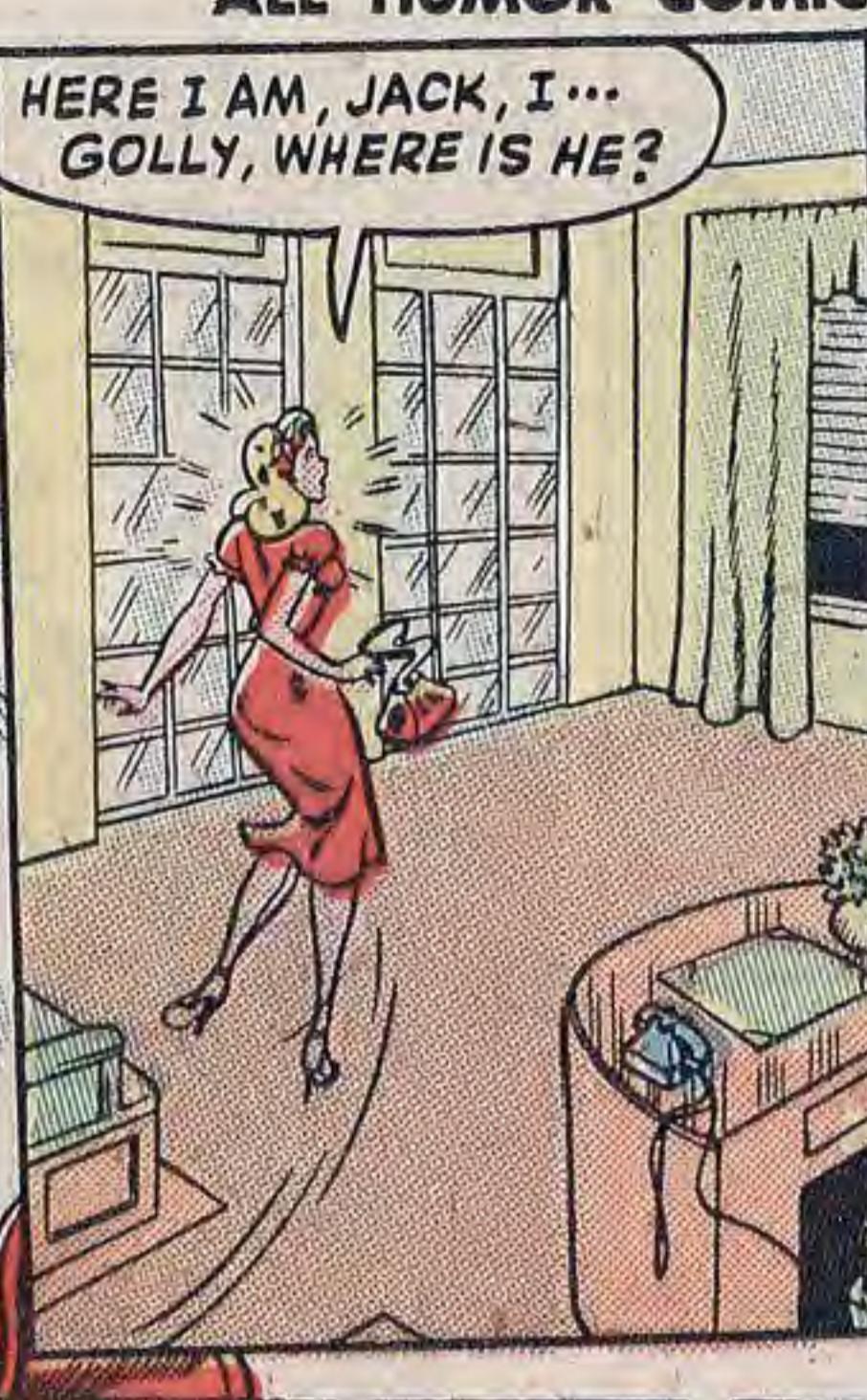


ALL HUMOR COMICS



ALL HUMOR COMICS

GOSH, IMAGINE LITTLE ME GOING OUT WITH AN IMPORTANT BUYER! I CAN'T BE SO DUMB AFTER ALL, OR HE WOULDN'T WANT TO TAKE **ME** OUT!



ALL HUMOR COMICS



Gamlin's Gremlin

UNCLE GAMLIN stared ruefully at the brilliant square of television screen in Clancy's Pool Parlor. "That's ten more dollars you owe me, Gamlin," Clancy cackled gleefully. "Kid McGurk's stretched out on the canvas colder than a salt mackerel."

"I can't understand it," Gamlin mumbled. "My luck is gone. I haven't won a bet from you in a month."

"Luck, you call it," Clancy chortled. "You just don't know how to pick 'em—fighters or horses."

"I still say it's luck," Gamlin said heatedly, brandishing his heavy cane. "This walking stick used to bring me luck but it's lost its charm."

"Hah!" Clancy sneered. "That nobby old shillelagh your grandfather brought from the Old Country isn't worth breaking up for kindling."

"Is that so?" Gamlin replied, bridling. "This was given to Grandfather Finn Poole by one of the Little People he once helped out. It's got powers, that's what it has."

"I suppose you'll be telling me you have your own private leprechaun," Clancy chuckled. "Why don't you get him to lead you to his pot of gold? Then you wouldn't have to owe me money."

"I wouldn't be joking about the Little People," Gamlin warned. "And maybe I do have a leprechaun."

"You bring a leprechaun in here, you superstitious old goat," Clancy said jovially, "and I'll call off all bets you owe me."

"All right, Clancy," Gamlin agreed angrily, "and I'll bet you fifty dollars on the side. By this cane of my grandfather's I'll bring the Poole leprechaun here for you to see by tomorrow night!"

Later that evening as Gamlin walked home he grumbled to himself wrathfully. "Why did I go betting with Clancy again," he thought. "Of all the pig-headed fools. With the rent money due tomorrow I ought to be figuring out a way to get my hands on some money instead of throwing more Clancy's way."

He turned onto the walk in front of his house

with some misgivings. "I hope Fanny is asleep," he thought nervously. "If she catches me coming in at two o'clock in the morning it will be bad enough, but when she finds out I lost money betting on Kid McGurk's fight I'll lose a couple of rounds with her, too."

He hesitated at the front steps and looked in through one of the front windows. "Oh-oh," he murmured. "I think I see her shadow by the window. I'll get it now for sure."

"And well deserving of it too, Gamlin Poole," a shrill voice piped. Gamlin caught his breath sharply and peered about him. The dim street lights shed enough brilliance for him to see there was no one; the street was deserted. He took his cane and probed the thick shrubbery growing to the right of the steps.

"Come out if you're in there," he ordered.

"Look out who you're poking in the ribs," the voice said peevishly.

Gamlin stepped back quickly as a little wrinkled man less than three feet tall emerged from the bushes. He had a long white beard and was clothed in a red jacket with seven rows of gold buttons down the front. A tassled red cap flopped over one pointed ear. "Wh-why," Gamlin gasped, "you're one of the Good People . . . a leprechaun . . . unless my eyes are going bad."

"Weren't you the one who was after calling me," the little man said peevishly, "bragging to Clancy about me. I wish I had never promised your grandfather, Finn Poole, that I'd come when a Poole called me by swinging that stick."

"I didn't believe the tales my grandfather used to tell me," Gamlin muttered. "I only said that because Clancy got my goat."

"You'll be the goat, Gamlin Poole," the leprechaun piped angrily, "if you've brought me all the way from the Old Country just to satisfy your worthless friends. What else is it you want?"

"Money," Gamlin said hesitantly.

"You're a disgrace to the Poole's," the little man shouted. "In all of my two thousand years I've never met a more shiftless spaldeen."

"If it's my money you want," he continued, as he turned and disappeared into the shrub-

ALL HUMOR COMICS

bbery, "that's what you'll get. A promise is a promise."

Gamlin tried to peer into the dense growth of rhododendrons. In a moment the little man was back with his tiny arms piled high with crisp green bills. Gamlin reached avidly for the money but a sharp command from the leprechaun halted him.

"Hold on, Gamlin Poole," he said. "Before I give you this money there are a couple of conditions you must observe. You're to tell no one how you got this money and you must give me back that walking stick."

"I'll agree to the first gladly," Gamlin said, "but I won't give up the cane. I know you want to be released from your pledge but I have a lot of things for you to do. This cane will be lucky for me again—if I have anything to say about it!"

"All right," the leprechaun said sullenly. "You have the advantage; a leprechaun never breaks his word. But I'm warning you that this money will never do you any good."

"You're a smooth one," Gamlin said, as he took the money and stuffed it into his pockets, "but I'm on to you."

"I have no choice as long as you have that cane," the little man growled, "but don't be surprised if things don't work out the way you have them figured. I'll do all in my power to best you."

Gamlin blinked and the little man disappeared. He shrugged his shoulders, took a firm grip on his walking stick and strode into the house.

"There you are, you black-hearted stayout," his wife, Fanny, greeted him. "I was wondering when you'd get enough courage to come in and face me. I suppose you lost more money at Clancy's?"

"That I did, darling," Gamlin said gayly. "I lost ten dollars betting on Kid McGuirk."

"With the rent due tomorrow and no food in the house," Fanny shouted, "you have the gall to come in bragging about your worthlessness. I ought to bounce you clear out of the house."

Aunt Fanny advanced threateningly on her husband, who backed hastily away, raising his hands in a placating gesture. "Easy, Fanny," he said quickly. "If I hadn't lost the money to Clancy and my temper besides we wouldn't have this." He reached into one bulging pocket and withdrew a fistful of green currency.

"Saints preserve us," Fanny gasped. "Real money! Tell me where you got it," she demanded.

"I can't tell you," Gamlin said, withdrawing another fistful, "but there's more where this came from."

"I must be dreaming," Fanny said happily. "That's it! I fell asleep waiting for you."

"You can rave all night," Gamlin said, stifling a yawn. "I had a busy evening; I'll be off to bed." He piled the money on the living room table and made for the staircase.

"Are you taking that ugly old walking stick to bed with you?" Fanny asked.

"That I am," Gamlin replied. "From now on me and this cane are going to be mighty close." Fanny eyed her husband and cane for a moment, then turned her eyes to the stack of money on the table.

The next morning Gamlin was awakened by a violent shaking. "Wake up, you scheming reprobate," Fanny shouted.

Gamlin sat up sleepily in his bed, then grabbed frantically at his side, asking excitedly, "Where's my cane?"

"Never mind that," Fanny said, "just come downstairs and look at the 'money' you brought home last night."

Gamlin slipped on a robe and hurried after the angry Fanny to the living room. There she pointed to the center of the table, where there was a great heap of rhododendron leaves. "Why, that sneaky little . . ." Gamlin sputtered. "Where's my grandfather's cane? I'll show the thief!"

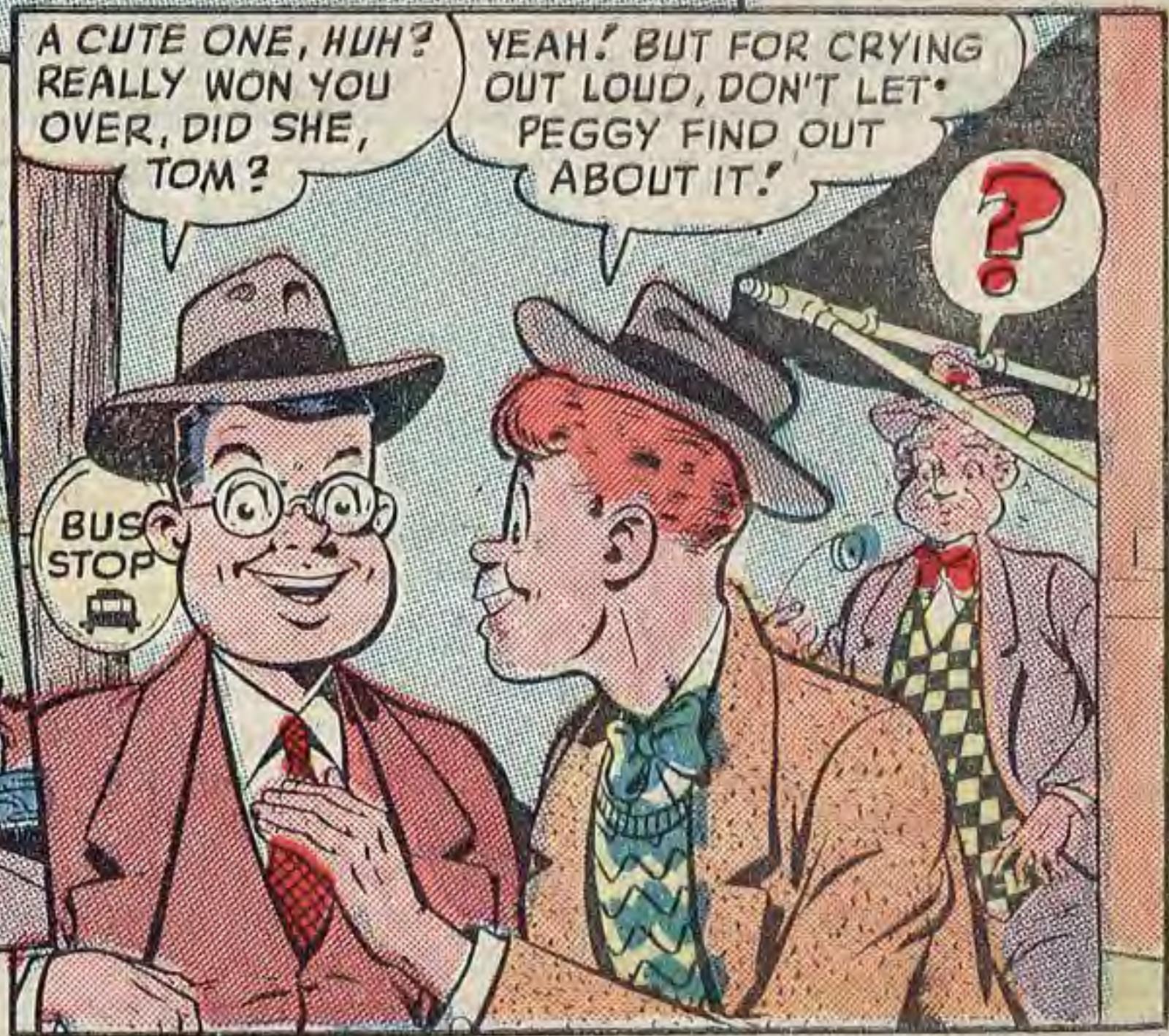
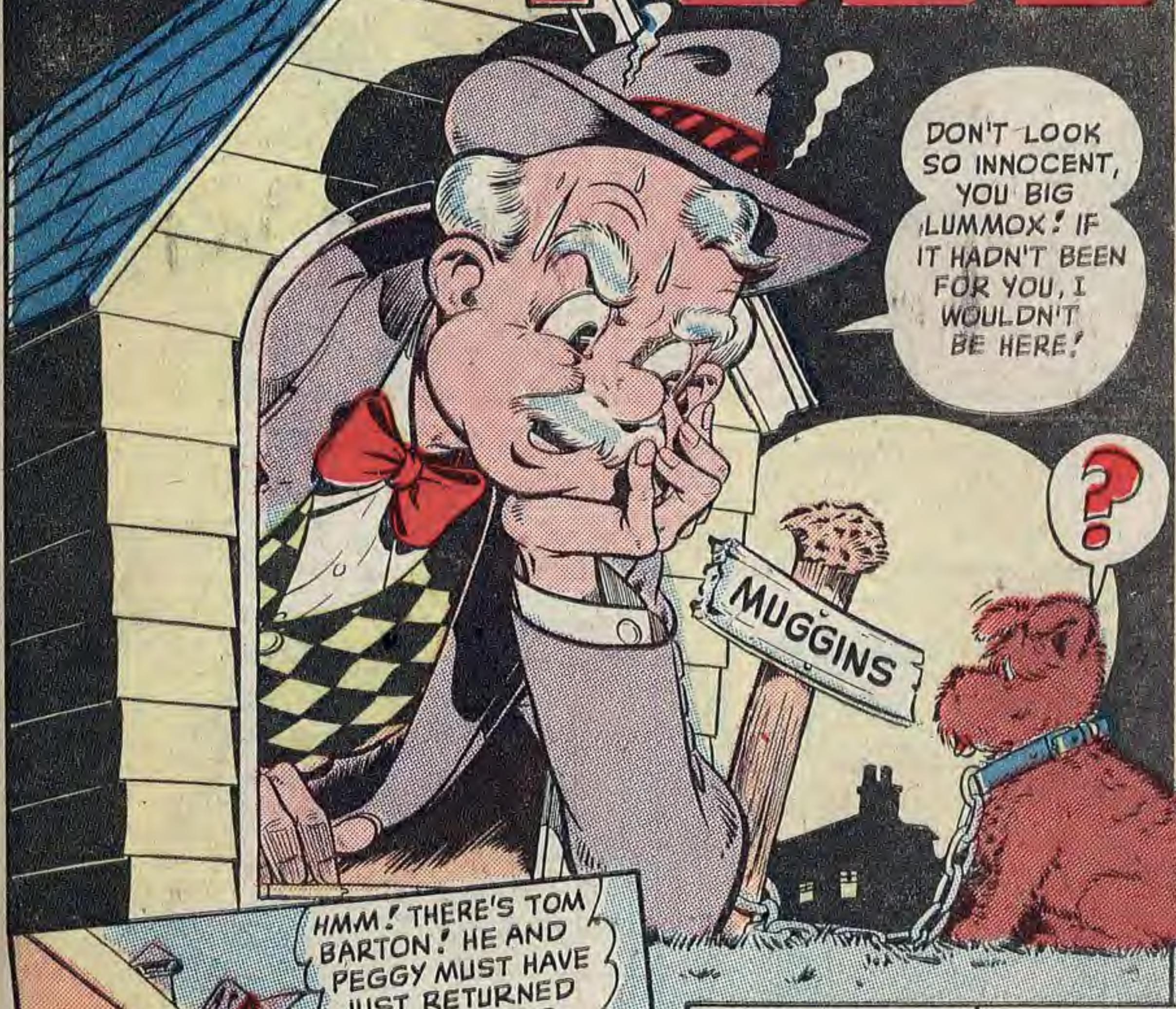
"Oh, that," Fanny said. "I never have liked it so today I got rid of it. A little old junk man gave me five dollars for it this morning." Digging down into her apron pocket she withdrew a crumpled rhododendron leaf and regarded it in amazement. "Well, I'll be jiggered," she stammered.

It was shortly after that when Clancy came upon Gamlin digging in the garden. "Say, Gamlin," he said, "I want to tell you I won't hold you to your bet. I had a funny thing happen last night. A little old man came to my place and warned me about gambling . . . oh, never mind, you don't believe me . . . but, anyway, the bet's off."

"Give me a hand with these blasted rhododendron bushes," Gamlin panted, "I'm tearing the lot of them out by the roots."

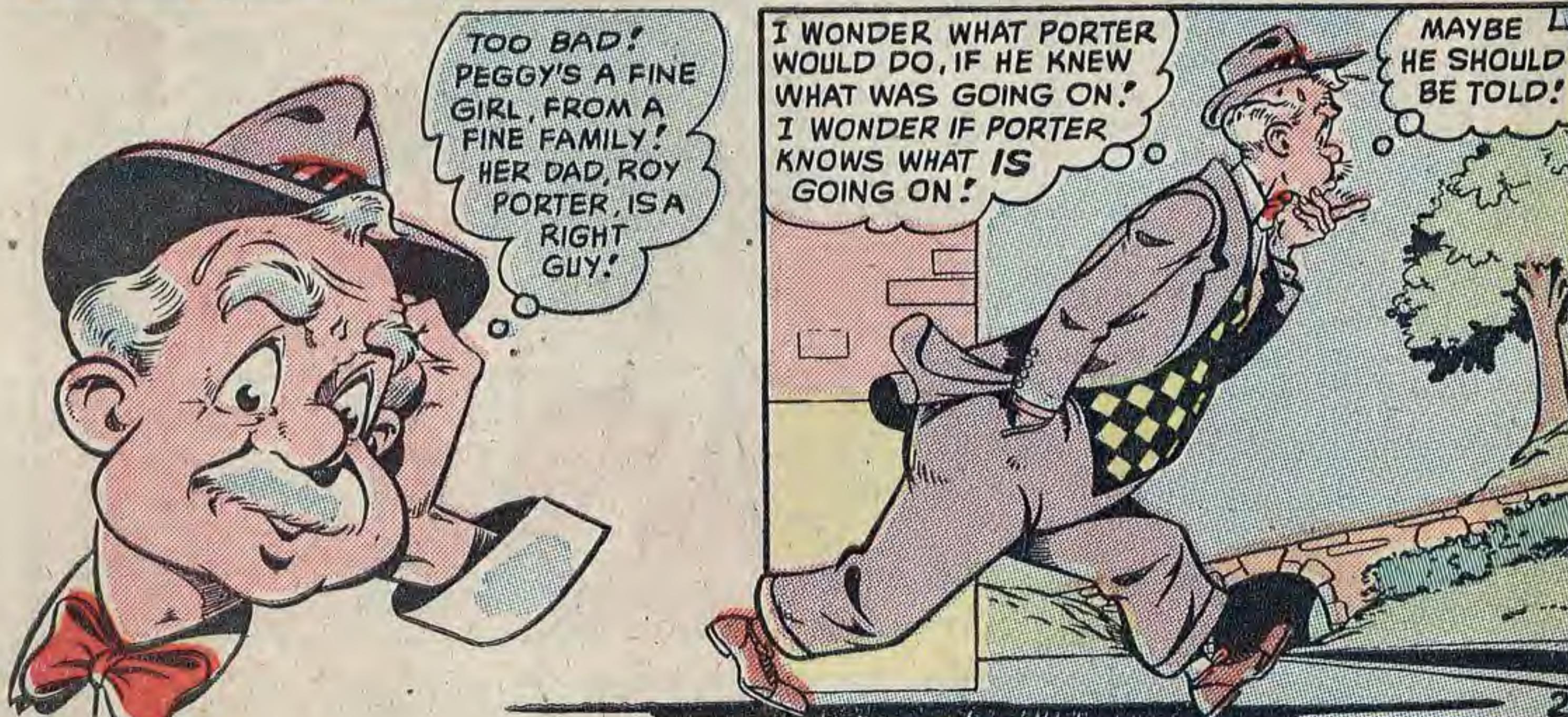
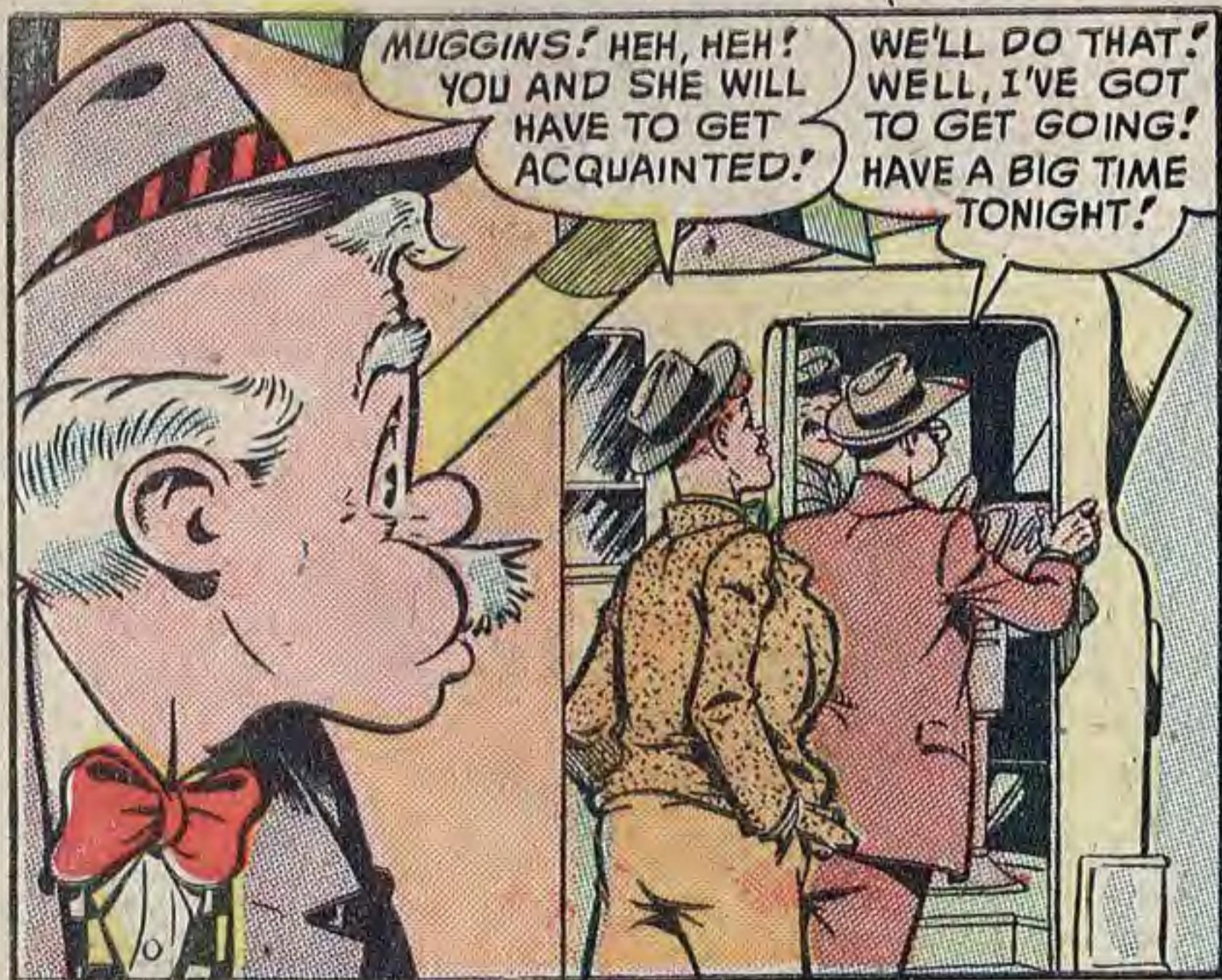
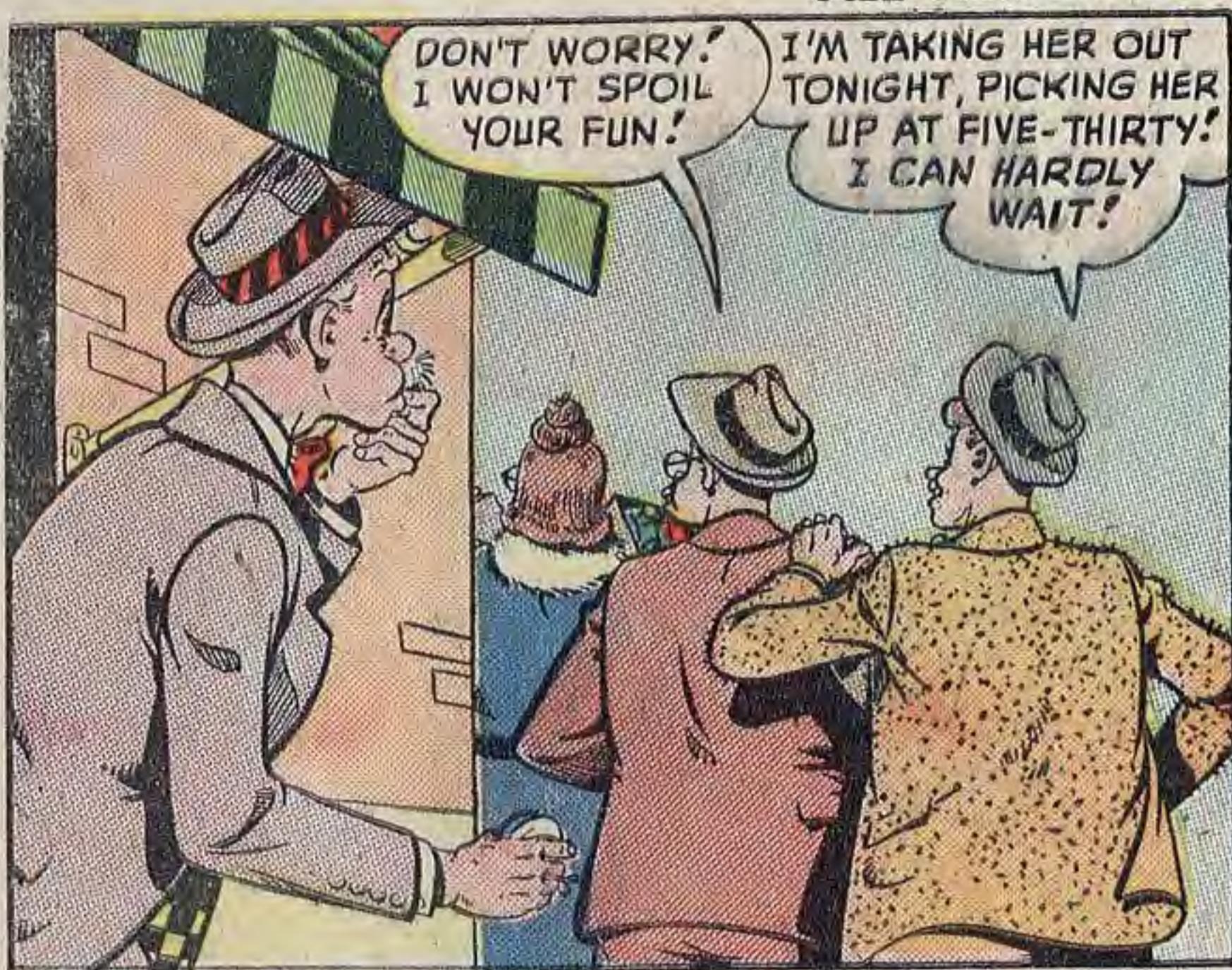
ALL HUMOR COMICS

Uncle FUDDY



The busiest guy in town, minding everyone else's business...

ALL HUMOR COMICS



ALL HUMOR COMICS

HELLO, FUDDLY, YOU OLD FUSSBUDGET! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

I HEAR PEGGY AND TOM ARE BACK FROM THEIR HONEYMOON! ARE THEY...ER... HAPPY?

LOVEBIRDS! THEY MOVED INTO THEIR NEW HOUSE YESTERDAY! FUDDLY, THERE'S ONE COUPLE YOU'LL NEVER FIND ANY REASON TO GOSSIP ABOUT!

ER... AH... GULP!

STOP AROUND AND SEE THEIR PLACE SOME TIME! IT MAKES A DAD PROUD!

YEAH, ROY! SURE!

I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO TELL HIM!

5:45 that afternoon...

A PUPPY! OH, TOM!

SHE'S TO KEEP YOU COMPANY WHEN I'M AT WORK AND YOU'RE HERE ALONE! LIKE HER?

SHE'S DARLING! WHAT A WONDERFUL SURPRISE!

I'M THE Happiest GIRL IN THE WORLD!

HMM!

SMACK!

WOOF!

ALL HUMOR COMICS

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! I ORDERED A DOGHOUSE! WE CAN PICK IT UP TONIGHT AT SEVEN!

YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, DARLING! MUGGINS WILL HAVE A NEW HOUSE JUST LIKE US!



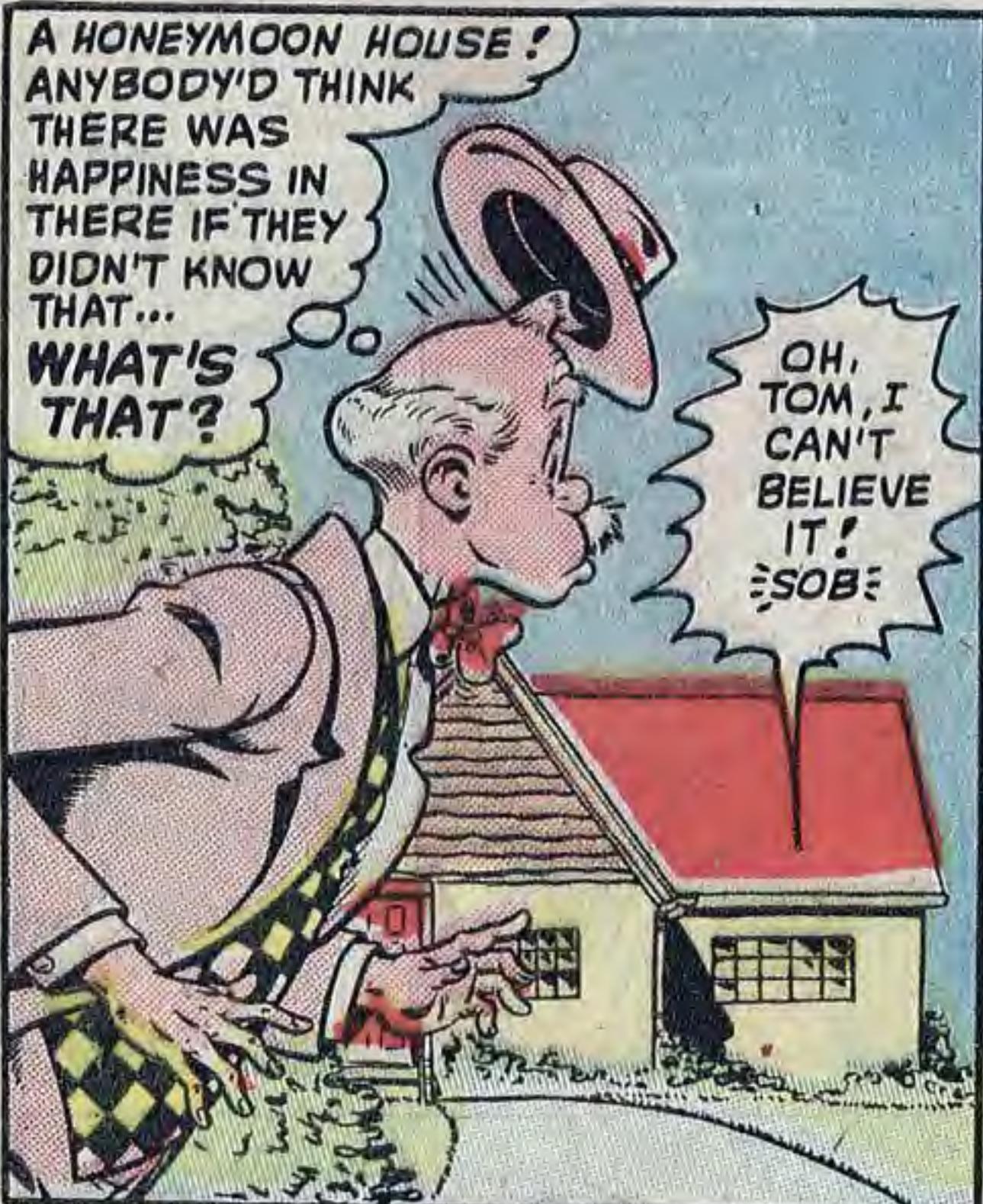
Later that evening...

I JUST SAW A CAR TURN IN AT THE BARTON'S! PROBABLY TOM COMING HOME AFTER BEING OUT WITH THAT...THAT WOMAN!



A HONEYMOON HOUSE! ANYBODY'D THINK THERE WAS HAPPINESS IN THERE IF THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT... WHAT'S THAT?

OH, TOM, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
=SOB:



=SOB:
OUR HOME WAS SO BEAUTIFUL, LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE! TO THINK THAT MUGGINS WOULD DESTROY IT SO QUICKLY!
=SOB:

NOW, PEGGY, TAKE IT EASY! THERE'S NO USE GETTING HYSTERICAL!



YOU CAN'T BLAME MUGGINS! IT WAS MY FAULT! I SAW HER AND... AND LIKED HER... AND...

I UNDERSTAND, TOM! BOO, HOO!

IT'S TOO BAD THINGS ARE BUSTED UP, BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED NOW!

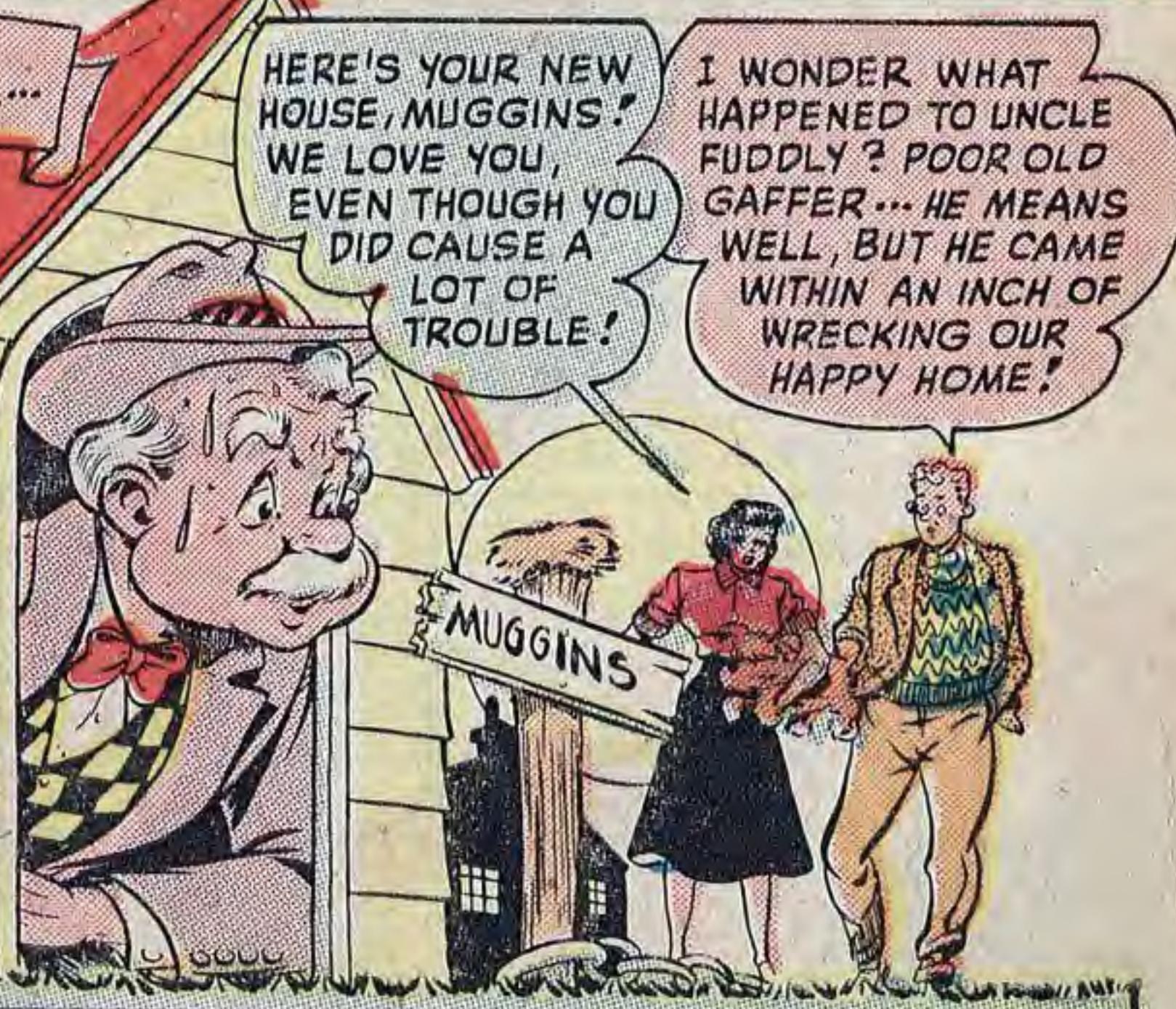
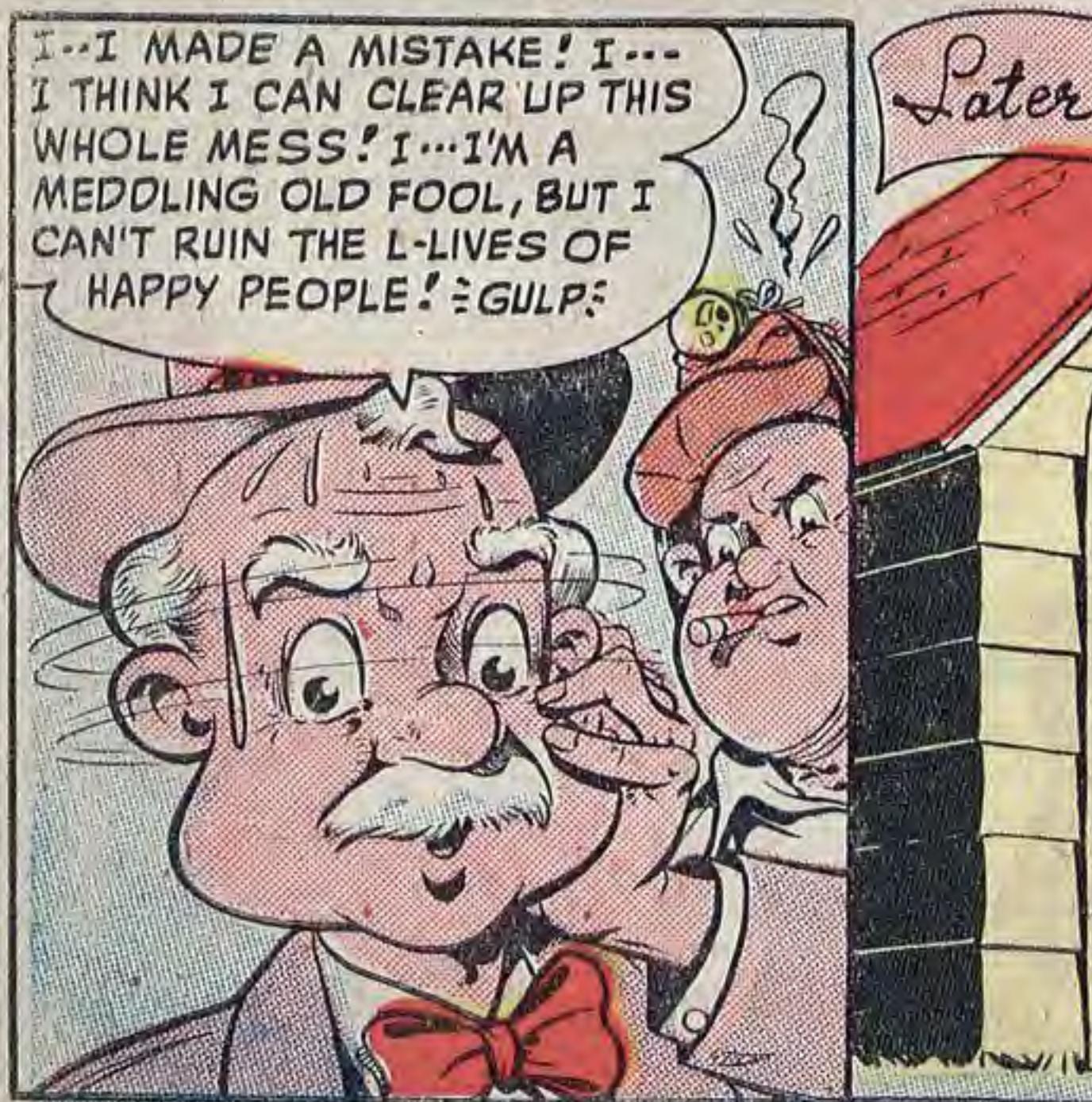
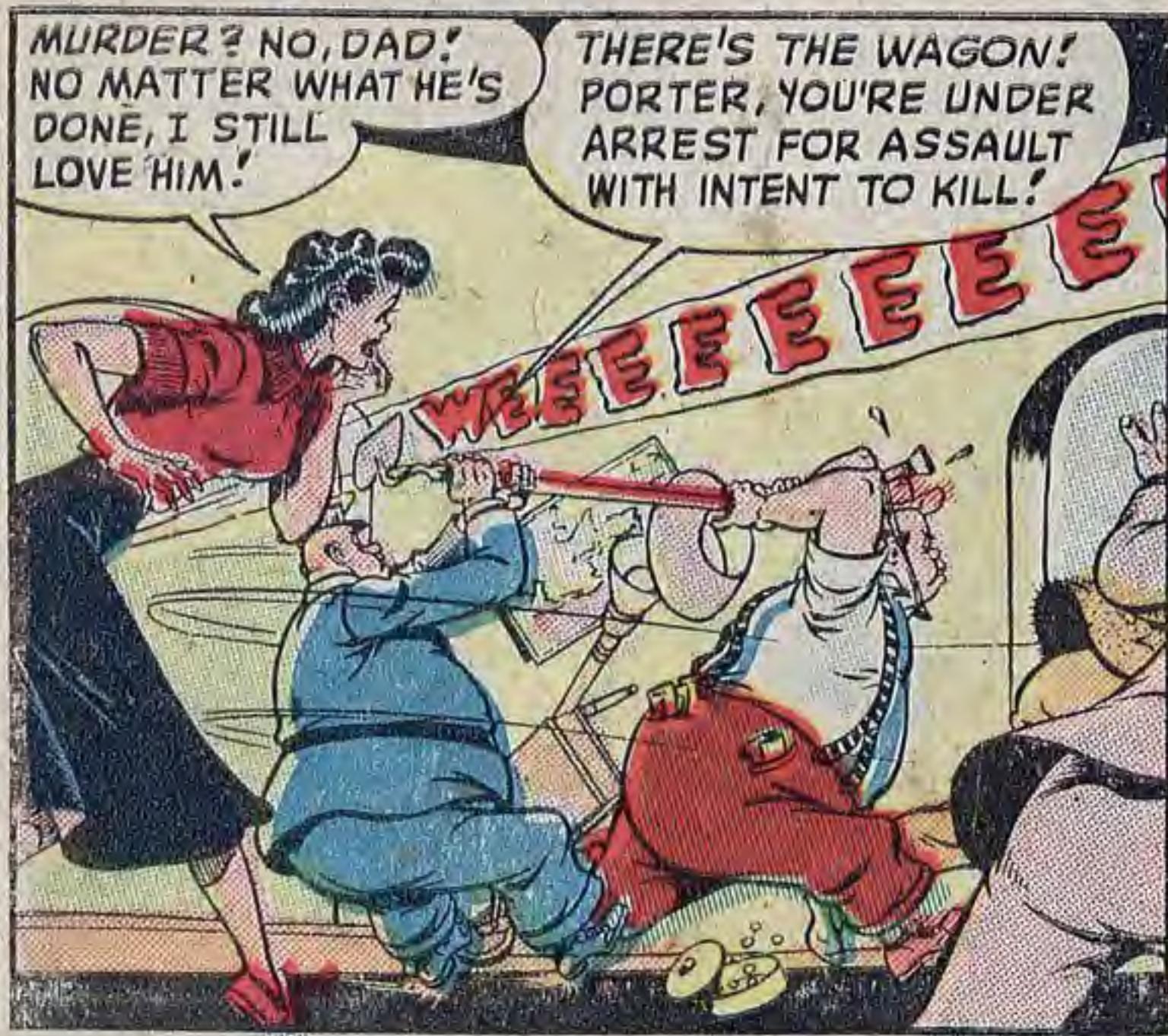
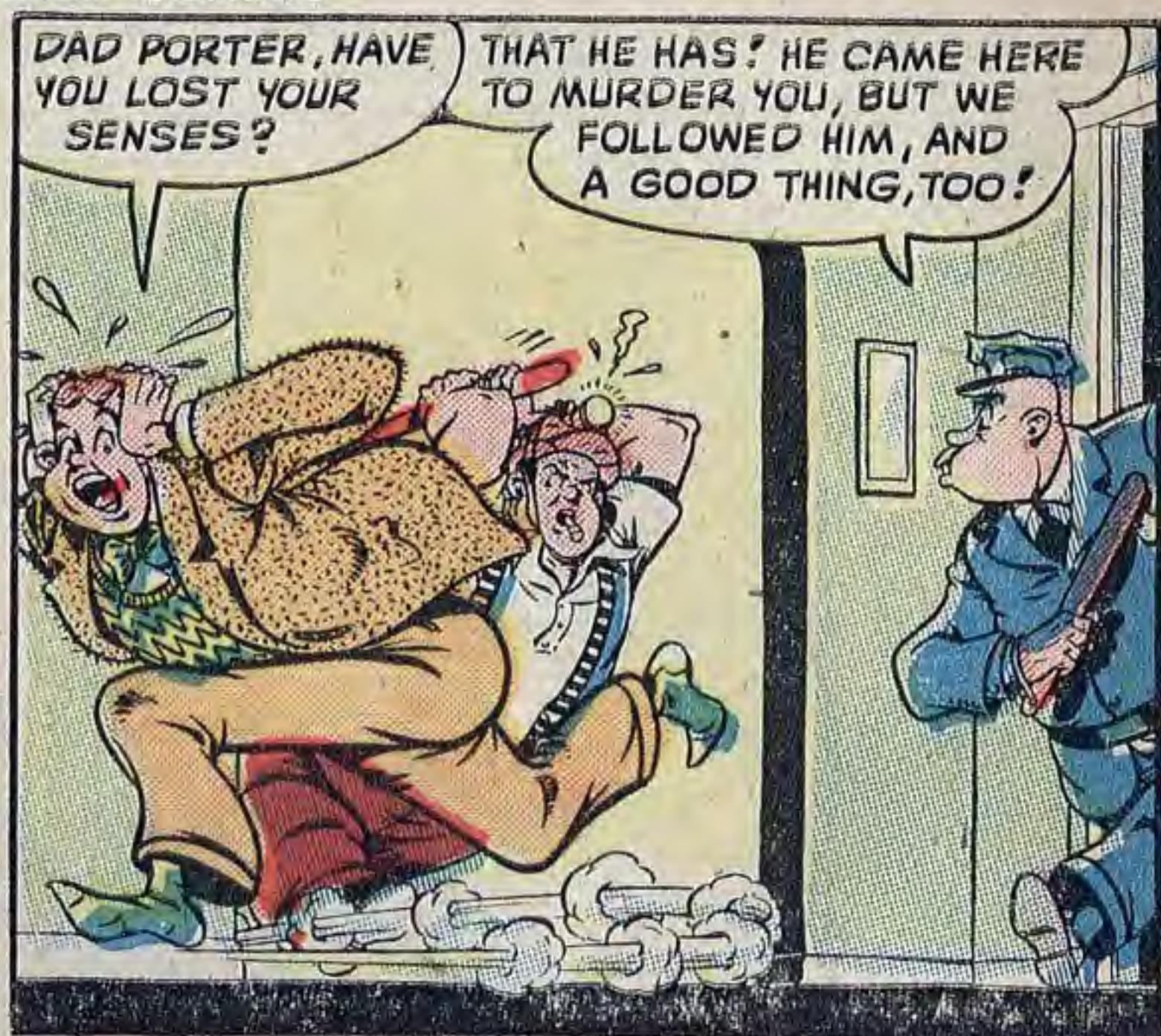
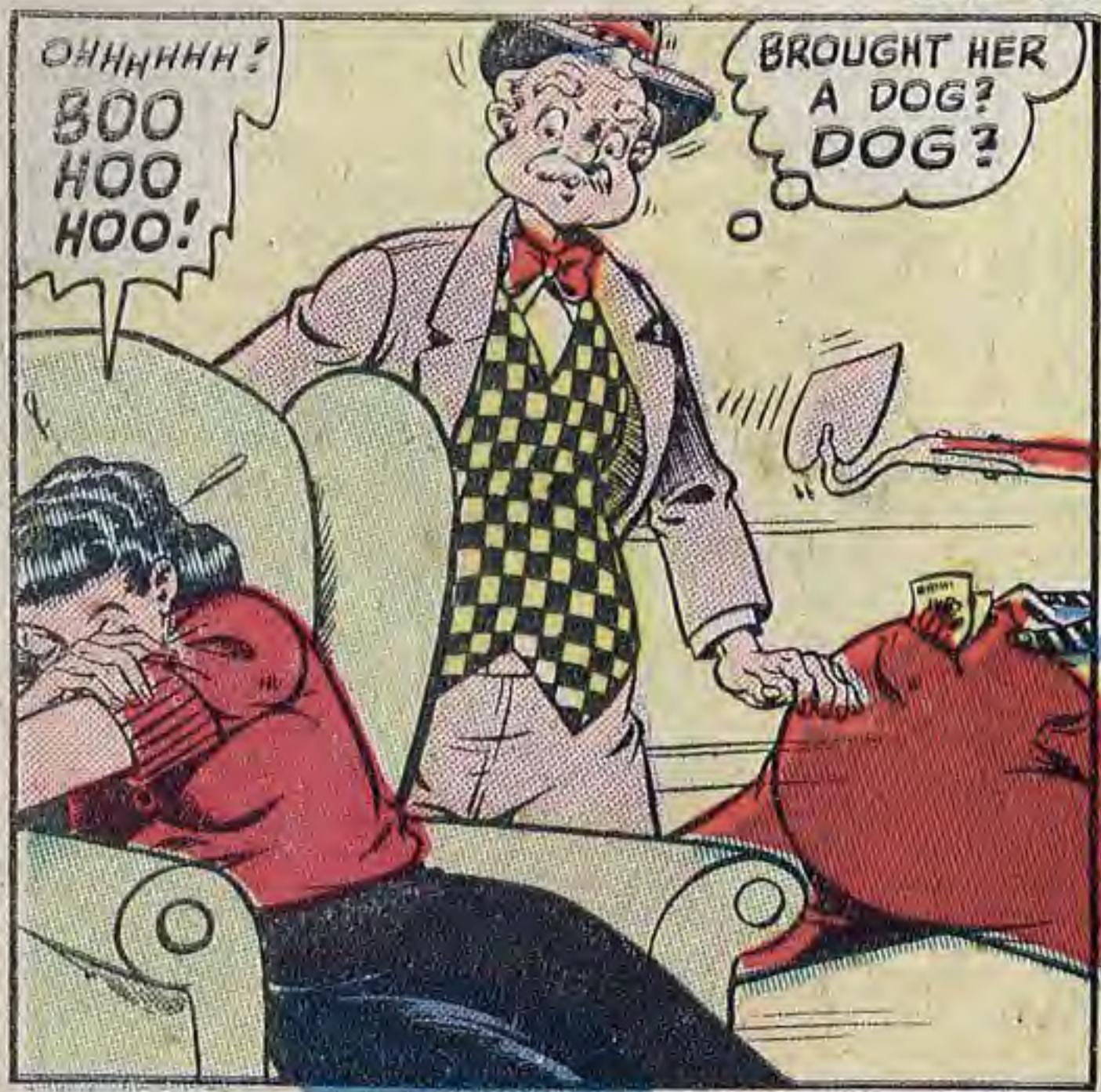
YOU...YOU DOG!
=SOB: YOU'RE JUST A H-HOME-WRECKER!
=SOB:



ALL HUMOR COMICS



ALL HUMOR COMICS

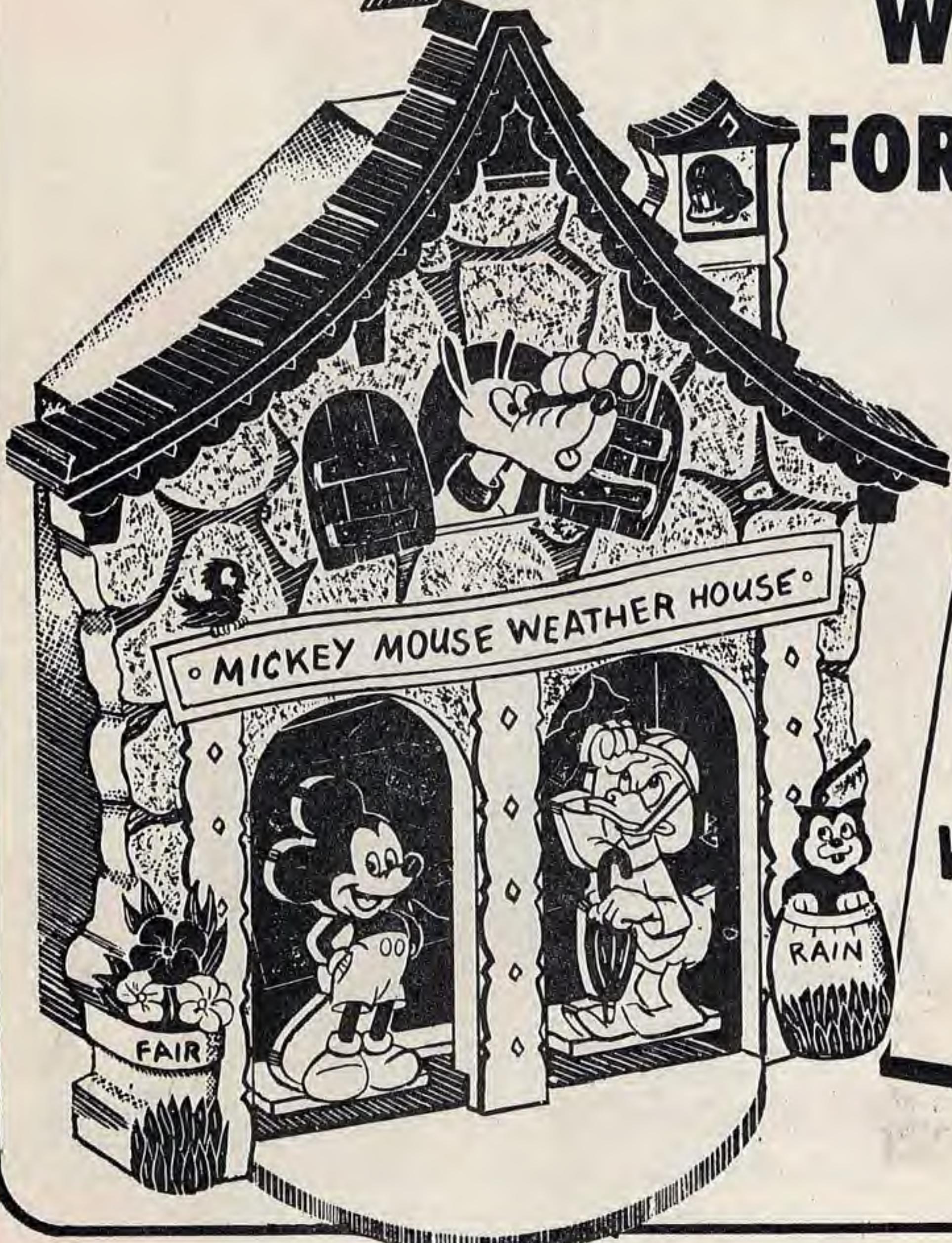


Amazing



NEW Mickey Mouse—Donald Duck

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We will send you a
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**SUN DIAL
WRIST WATCH**
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Weather House
promptly

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2 for \$2.69

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JET-PROPELLED BIKE



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BANK ROBBERS



WHEN DESPERATE GUNMEN ROB THE TOWN BANK, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB GO INTO ACTION WITH A DARING PLAN!



AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE--
RIGHT INTO A DEAD
END TRAP! BUT
THE SIGN...

...WAS MOVED TO
THROW YOU OFF
THE TRACK--INTO
OUR HANDS!



GREAT WORK,
BOYS! WE
SURPRISED
THOSE CROOKS
WITH A
ROYAL
RECEPTION!

ROYAL IS RIGHT!--OUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES
GAVE US PLENTY OF
SPEED WITH SAFETY.
RIGHT, FELLA'S? AND,
SAY, SPEAKING OF
SURPRISES--I'VE GOT
A REAL ONE WAITING
FOR YOU...



LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE...

A WHOLE COMIC BOOK ON BIKING?! TAKE IT EASY, BOYS...THERE'S A COPY WAITING FOR EACH OF YOU--IT, U.S....



AFTER ME,
TOM...



GET YOUR COPY OF
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
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DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S FREE!



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE...CAPTURING
BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-
HEAD--HE NEVER DOES
ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE...
WOTTA SELLING JOB HE
DOES ON POP!



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